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## THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Speech for which Europe has so long been listening has been spoken, and the world now knows what solution of the difficulties that press on him has been accepted by the EMPEROR. He returns again to that favourite project of a Congress to which he has so often turned as the readiest escape from his embarrassments. A Congress is, in fact, a war without expense or bloodshed, and one in which France expects to play as great a part as if cannon were really sounding and regiments were being hurried to the frontier. That which the leaders in a Congress bring to bear upon their rivals and subordinates is the influence of definite lines of policy and the tacit menace of force. The end of a Congress is to arrive at that settlement of affairs to which the nations that fought would be led if war broke out. In this great discounting of the chances of a possible war, France would have the opportunity of establishing even a greater supremacy than she could hope for through an actual conflict. She would come on the stage with a sort of recognised right of interference in every direction. She is the friend of Italy and of Poland, she is the benefactress of Austria, and she is the terror of Prussia. She alone of the Great Powers has with her the strength of the revolutionary party, and yet, apart from the Polish difficulty, she is the most intimate ally of Russia. No one dreams for a moment of dismembering France, and France can bring into the field the largest and best army in Europe. All the questions, therefore, that a European Congress would have to discuss would be those which France chose to start; they would assume the shape which France pleased to give them; and the Powers that brought them to a conclusion distasteful to France would each have to reckon the cost of incurring such displeasure as France might treasure up. Above all, in a Congress, England sinks, if not into a secondary Power, at any rate into a Power that is scarcely the equal of France. So long as the open and informal discussion is going on which, in ordinary times, precedes political action in Europe, England has all the vast importance and influence that is attached to the only centre of free discussion. France is obliged to wait until either argument and reason have determined the policy of England, or until a burst of popular passion shows that England will go to war at all hazards. During the whole course of the frightful and tedious struggle in America, England has determined the action of France. England has upheld, or altered, or created the rules of international law that suit her. England has restrained France from recognising the Southern Confederacy. England has first imagined for herself, and has then imposed on the rest of the world, the neutrality that she thought reasonable and prudent. In the diplomatic struggles for Poland—which, as the EMPEROR honestly confesses, have as yet done Poland so little good, and in which England has occupied a very unsatisfactory position—it has still been the hesitation of England that has averted war, and the influence of England that has guided Austria. But when a Congress meets, the Powers of Europe no longer hear the voice of the English nation; they have merely to do with an English nobleman, generally a man of moderate abilities, timidly anxious to please his superiors, very proud of his temporary importance, and very willing to think as Emperors and Kings wish he should think. As it is known that England will engage in no Continental war, except in the last extremity, this amiable diplomatist has next to nothing to do except to distribute his moral support as nearly in accordance with his instructions as he can; and he and his gentle distribution of moral support play a very secondary part when France and Russia are bargaining for Poland, and France and Austria are bargaining for Italy. Therefore, it cannot be wondered at that the EMPEROR should like European Congresses, and turn to them with the greatest satisfaction in his hours of anxiety. He feels that he

is even more supreme there than he is when addressing his own Legislative Assembly, elected mainly by his prefects, and liable to be dismissed into the streets any moment if he nods to his soldiery; for in his Assembly he dictates to a people whom he has conquered with grape-shot and bayonet, but in the Congress he dictates to Europe without having had the trouble of conquest.

But although England has no reason to love these Congresses, it will not be from England that any opposition will come. It will not be for us to hesitate, who are always preaching the doctrine of moral influence, who want peace to reign, and the anomalies of the European system to be quietly and quickly redressed. Nor have we any right to be moved by any mean jealousy of France or any petty disinclination to recognise the position which the EMPEROR has achieved. It is a great thing for him and for France that he should be able to say openly before the world that the treaties of 1815, framed to restrain and depress France, are at an end. It is also a great thing for him and for France that he should hold in his hands the issues of peace and war, and should be able so largely to determine the fate of Europe. But we know that he is able to tear up the Treaties of Vienna, and to dictate the policy of Europe, simply because all the other great European Powers spent the precious interval of peace which was purchased by the Treaties of Vienna in one long, stupid, sullen abuse of physical force; because Austria ground Italy into the dust; because Prussia deadened the soul of Germany; and because Russia fascinated herself and her neighbours with the spectacle of her magnificent but barbarous despotism. It is impossible for Englishmen to refuse to see that the present importance of France in Continental Europe is not only a fact that refuses to be hid, but is in many respects salutary and deserved. It is France that has broken the sway of that dismal reign of order in Europe under which the life of the European nations was gradually rotting away. But whether the great nations of the Continent will accede to the proposal of a Congress is a very different matter. Russia might possibly agree if all the rest of Europe were unanimous, and all the rest of Europe will follow the lead of France if Austria consents. But a Congress raises great difficulties for Austria. The EMPEROR says significantly that there are important questions to be settled in the South of Europe as well as in the North; that is, in plain language, that Austria, if she goes into the Congress, must submit to hear all the arguments, peaceful and warlike, that could induce her to cede Venetia to Italy and take something else instead. Russia also will know that, if she agrees to a Congress, it can have no practical and peaceful result, unless she agrees either to cede Western Poland to some other Power, or to hold it on the condition of administering her internal affairs under the supervision of foreign Powers. Unless a Congress gave hope to Poland and gave Venetia to Italy, it could not possibly lay the foundations of peace. To persuade Austria and Russia to enter it requires all the influence which alternate threats and blandishments can give the EMPEROR. He certainly is not sparing of the former, for he proclaims that he insists on a Congress, and that France speaks through him; and he certainly is not sparing of the latter, for he announces that he has just presented the House of HAPSBURG with a new Empire, and he tells the world that Russia is so intimate and dear an ally of his, that it was Russia who supported him through the trying hour when he annexed Nice and Savoy.

But if Russia refuses to enter a Congress, to enter which must be a virtual avowal of defeat, it is difficult to see what remains but war. The EMPEROR's speech is so constructed that everything leads up to the final issue in which Russia is asked to choose whether war or peace shall be the lot of Europe. The new deputies are welcomed on their arrival to discharge the

duties they have taken on themselves; but they are reminded that they have all sworn fidelity to the EMPEROR, that the policy of the Empire must be well known, for that it has lasted eleven years with the approbation of France, and that the EMPEROR is still supreme, and all expressions of dissent from his system are mere trifling outbursts of local petulance. Europe is then invited to remember that France has grown powerful and rich during the years of the Empire, that new railways and harbours are being opened every day, that the utmost care is taken to adjust taxation so that the burden may fall as lightly as possible, and that France is so rich and great that she has been able actually to conquer, hold, and transfer Mexico, and to build up a power in the Eastern seas, without exceeding her income, or being obliged to ask for a loan. It is this country—so wealthy, so vigorous, so at one with itself, so satisfied with its ruler, to whom the remains of ancient opposing parties have now sworn fidelity—that Russia must be prepared to defy, if she insists on war. It is this country, the fountain of wealth to so large a portion of the Continent, which holds in her hands the guiding-strings of so vast an amount of European enterprise, which can blight European industry if she goes to war, and call out all the springs of a peaceful activity if she bids the world be at rest, that the other European nations will slight and provoke if they do not do their utmost to force Russia into a Congress. Nor is Russia permitted to doubt what France would claim for Poland if a Congress were to meet. The EMPEROR solemnly avows, what has long been notorious, that Poland is dear to France, and that it is the strong call of the French people for support to Poland that has forced him to risk the Russian alliance which he prized so highly. He also proclaims that the nation which in the eyes of Russia is a nation of rebels is in his eyes fighting for a right grounded on history and treaties. Will Russia at the eleventh hour yield to this strong appeal to her fears and her discretion? If she does, and if Austria admits that there are grave questions waiting for solution in the South as well as in the North, then the EMPEROR may have the triumph he long ago pictured to himself, and may trace out a new map of Europe without a life being lost. But if Russia acts as her pride will prompt her, and declines to own that she is beaten without having fought, then the EMPEROR can scarcely abandon a cause which, as he acknowledges, touches the heart of France so deeply, and will be slow to own that he has spoken in the name of France and has spoken in vain.

#### ENGLAND AND JAPAN.

LORD RUSSELL, by the publication of his instructions to Colonel NEALE, assumes the entire responsibility of the recent operations on the coast of Japan. He required the Japanese Government to pay 100,000*l.* as a penalty for the murder of Mr. RICHARDSON, and he also insisted on the punishment of the Daimio, Prince of SATSUMA, who had protected the criminals. The TYCOON and his advisers apologized and paid the 100,000*l.*; but the Prince of SATSUMA, who appears scarcely to acknowledge the authority of the central Government, abstained from offering any satisfaction. Admiral KUPER consequently, at the request of Colonel NEALE, proceeded to the Daimio's residence at Kagosima, and, after some futile attempts at negotiation, seized three steamers which were lying in the port. The Japanese batteries then opened on the squadron, and Admiral KUPER was forced to burn his prizes, but he finally silenced the forts and set a part of the town on fire. As he had no land force at his disposal, he was unable to adopt further measures of coercion, and he was compelled by a gale to leave the port before he had entirely destroyed the defences of the town. The Japanese will probably boast of a victory, as they have succeeded in resisting the demands of the English Minister; but, on the other hand, the feudal chiefs will have learned that outrages on European subjects are not to be committed with impunity. Lord RUSSELL's directions were strictly followed, as he desired that the fleet should either shell the Prince's residence or take possession of his steamers. The Japanese, by commencing the fire, necessarily exposed themselves to both inconveniences; and, as the Admiral finally acted in self-defence, he must be acquitted of any excess of vigour, although his shells set fire to the town. Almost all the writers who censure his conduct have failed to observe that the action was commenced by the Japanese. But if the seizure of the steamers was justifiable, the Admiral is not to be blamed for the subsequent collision, nor can the necessary conditions of a battle affect the moral

character of a contest. It is unfortunate that a large population should suffer for the acts of its ruler; but Governments can only be called to account by warlike proceedings, and their subjects have to bear the burden. The inhabitants of a place which fires on an enemy must take the consequences of their residence in a fortress. It is much to be regretted that Admiral KUPER was unable to retain the steamers without an armed collision; but it was clearly his duty to reply to the batteries on the shore, and to persevere until he had inflicted sensible damage on the Japanese.

The preliminary correspondence is amusing in the transparent subtlety with which the Daimio or his Ministers evade the only question at issue. The Prince of SATSUMA professes not to be aware that the Jeddo treaty authorized foreigners to obstruct the passage of the roads, in violation of the national law. As Mr. RICHARDSON and his companions occupied a certain space on the high road, it is assumed that they created an obstruction which the guards of the Daimio, who happened to pass, were required forcibly to remove. Colonel NEALE is accordingly invited to consider whether the responsibility rested with the Prince of SATSUMA or with the TYCOON, who omitted to insert in the treaty a reservation in favour of the highway law of Japan. It is suggested that the matter may be discussed between the Jeddo and Satsuma officials, in the presence of the English Minister; and when the knotty point is settled, the money compensation is to be arranged and paid. The double satisfaction which was required from the Government of Jeddo and from the Prince of SATSUMA is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with international law; but a country which enjoys so remarkable a code of municipal law can scarcely be dealt with on the same principles which would apply to a civilized State. If every man of rank in Japan has a right to murder all the passengers whom he meets on the high road, it must be understood that the franchise or privilege is inoperative against English subjects. If Colonel NEALE had thought it worth while to discuss the question, he might have wholly acquitted the Japanese Government of negligence in omitting to provide for the maintenance of the existing law. There can be no doubt that Mr. RICHARDSON was murdered because he was an Englishman, and not because he happened to take a ride. As the criminal was no other than the father of the Prince of SATSUMA, it was not likely that he would be surrendered. The guards who actually committed the murder acted by their master's orders, and there would have been little satisfaction in witnessing their execution. Perhaps the Prince of SATSUMA may have, since the bombardment of his town, been more fully convinced of the truth of his own words, "that the taking of human life is a very grave affair." He may also reflect that those who offend or injure England might live more conveniently in the interior than in castles on the sea.

The moral right of Europeans, and especially of Englishmen, to intrude their unwelcome presence on Oriental communities, might furnish endless material for casuists. Some theorists maintain that compulsory intercourse is justifiable when it is undertaken for purposes of civilization or of religious proselytism, but they complain that Englishmen go to Japan and China to make money rather than to propagate law or Christianity. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century never doubted that their enterprises for the conversion and subjection of the Western heathens were laudable as well as profitable; and the modern French believe that their soldiers carry with them certain ideas or principles so valuable that they compensate for any beneficial violence which they may inflict on conquered nations. The prosaic English, while they cherish a vague faith in the wholesome tendencies of commerce, are perhaps in the habit of seeking new markets without too recondite an inquiry into the motives or tendency of their acts. Buying and selling, as necessarily voluntary transactions, seem to them essentially justifiable wherever a purchaser or a customer can be found. As it is impossible, after all, to trade with an unwilling population, artificial obstacles and prohibitions are not unreasonably attributed to the Government; and if the impediment can be evaded, or directly removed, merchants have no scruple in profiting by the results of private ingenuity or of diplomacy. Less than a century has elapsed since a large portion of the Western hemisphere was closed to foreign commerce by the selfish policy of Spain. English opinion always favoured the contraband enterprises of trading adventurers, and when the South American colonies seceded, the opportunity of legal or regular intercourse was cordially welcomed. The exclusive system of Japan is more natural, and therefore more excusable, but the outer world was by no means bound to second the efforts of the native Government; and when an



American Commodore had obtained or extorted a commercial treaty from the Tycoon, the European States naturally claimed a share in the privileges which had been conceded. It was easy to foresee that the introduction of a more liberal policy would be followed by many attempts at reaction, and that it would probably lead to armed collisions; but it was necessary to stipulate for the personal safety of English traders, and acts of violence must be resented by the methods which seem most calculated to prevent a repetition of the outrage. The risk of future complications is obviously suggested by the experience which has been acquired in India, and more recently in China. No rational politician wishes for any relations with Japan except those of friendly commerce, but it is difficult to foresee the conditions on which a continuance of the trade must depend. The abstract question of the right of forcing commercial intercourse is never presented in a simple and yet practical form. Traders come to make bargains; they require residences and factories; and when it becomes necessary to resort to arms, they are already defending vested rights, and not fighting to acquire a footing in the country.

The merit of Lord RUSSELL's Japanese measures will probably be judged by their success. Much special knowledge is necessary before a confident judgment can be formed of the expediency of the attack on Kagosima. The Government of Jeddo appears not to have objected to the expedition, which perhaps may tend to abate the pride of a troublesome feudatory. If the Prince of SATSUMA had paid the indemnity, and punished the assassins, Admiral KUPER's conduct would have been universally approved; and the collision which has unluckily occurred will only be regretted if it proves to be useless. Four centuries ago, an English Warden of the Northern Marches would not have hesitated to punish the outrages of some Border noble, although the Crowns of England and Scotland might be nominally at peace. The Prince of SATSUMA is apparently independent of the TYCOON, as a mediæval DOUGLAS might have been too strong to regard the orders of the KING. In either case, it is natural that those who may be aggrieved should go at once to the author of their wrongs. The oddest part of the transaction is the heavy fine which was imposed on the TYCOON as a punishment for his inability to control the rebellious Daimio. As his excuse for inaction was virtually allowed, it might have been thought that the responsibility for the outrage had been exclusively fixed on the real delinquent. There is reason to fear that the collision which has occurred is not the last of the series, nor could the impending difficulties be obviated by any method short of the renunciation of the treaty. It is possible that the commerce of Japan may, after all, not be worth the cost which it is almost certain to entail; and if Parliament and the country deliberately choose to abandon the trade which has been opened, the English Minister and Consuls may be withdrawn without dishonour. As long as the treaty is in force, the property and lives of English subjects must be protected in spite of peril or inconvenience.

#### THE YANKEE AND THE COSSACK.

THE great service which a period of commotion renders to the cause of progress is that it forces men honestly to take their sides. In times of peace, it is easy to varnish over the baseness of an insincere heart by wordy professions. When no danger presses, the tyrant can talk the cant of freedom, the egotist can recite the commonplaces of patriotism. But the moment of peril, when elevated sentiments exact corresponding sacrifices, tests all such hollow phrases. Men are forced to choose whether they will cleave to the professions they have paraded publicly, or to the feelings they have cherished secretly; and, the alternative once forced upon them, the choice is never doubtful. It is for this cause that troubled times seem more rank with meanness than any other, not because mankind really becomes worse, but because masks are torn off, and hypocrisies become untenable, and human nature stripped fairly naked is not a pleasant spectacle to contemplate. Of course the picture is all the more revolting, the thicker and the fairer the veil by which it was concealed. It is a gloomy aspect that the Federal States of America have presented during the last three years. For not only has there been a sudden development of bloodthirstiness rare in these later centuries, and a shameless betrayal of loudly-vaunted principles, but the disclosure has taken place in that which used to be pointed out to us as the chosen Temple of Freedom, the shrine of that true peace which is born of money-making, the Paradise of humanity made perfect by trade. But such spectacles, though repellent, are instructive, and may serve to instruct the credulous upon this side of the Atlantic as to the real tenets of certain ostenta-

tious votaries of Liberty with whom we have to do at home. The case of Mr. EVERETT is a measure of the value of the noisy patriotism which has driven on the American people, against their better judgment, into this interminable war. Few voices called so eagerly for slaughter as that of Mr. EVERETT, and upon few men does so great a responsibility rest for the calamities which have bathed the land in blood. He occupied a position from which he not only need not have awakened the sanguinary passions of his countrymen, but he might have done something to stay them. One at least of those flowery "orations" might have been employed to remind them of the blessings of peace, and of the curses that follow in the train of war. But to the cause of peace he was not prepared to sacrifice a single iota of influence, a single round of popular applause. What was he prepared to sacrifice to the cause of war? He thought it little that the Western farmers should send their sons by tens of thousands to satiate with their lives that reckless lust of empire which he was labouring to dignify as a noble aspiration. His estimate of the value of human blood only began to rise when the conscription called for it in his own home. His son was drawn, and he refused to let him go. He thus furnished to the world a precise measure of the importance which he attaches to the prettexts of the present war. They were momentous enough to require that all other Americans should bleed for them, except only the family of EVERETT.

The contrast between the words and the deed was a striking one, and created some sensation in England. But it was not so striking as that of which the mails of the last fortnight have brought us the account. The eager and passionate affection with which, just at the present crisis, the representatives of Russia have been received, not by the mob, but by the rulers of the Federal States, is a revelation of the depths of Yankee feeling for which even those who loved them least were scarcely prepared. That their hearts were receding further and further from freedom, while their lips still muttered its formulas, had long been evident to all dispassionate observers. The readiness with which they admitted the pretension that, in the presence of insurrection, no law was sacred, and no excess of prerogative blameable, betrayed sufficiently how little of the true spirit of liberty had survived in them. But at least it was thought that the mere recollection of what they had once professed might still weigh with them so far as to prevent them from exhibiting any open sympathy with tyranny, except where their own immediate interests were served by it. The comparison between the Poles and the Confederates, between MOUHAIEFF and BUTLER, BERG and McNEILL, was certain enough to be drawn for them by their enemies; it seemed hardly necessary that they should draw it for themselves. If only for the sake of the sympathizers who were upholding their cause in England, and who still had some Liberal decencies to maintain, they were bound at least to show a decorous reserve in their new taste for strong government. But the revolution of feeling among them is so complete that they have not only ceased to put forward the doctrines which it was once necessary to profess in America, but they seem altogether to have forgotten that such doctrines were ever avowed. Mayor OPDYKE and Secretary SEWARD write as if their own antecedents and the antecedents of their country had entirely passed away from their memories. They appear to have no conception that they are living in the country which recognised Hungary in the very outset of its struggle, which received and fed Kossuth, which paid court to GARIBALDI. It has all passed away like a dream. They may have professed to sympathize with rebels once, but that was before they had rebels of their own. They may have extended a hand to struggling nationalities in past time, but that was only when they could embarrass an antagonist or a rival by doing so. Now they look upon matters in a different light. Experience has taught them the meaning and importance of ideas upon which they may have idly cast discredit in times gone by. They perfectly understand the value of a state of siege, and the uses of an arbitrary conscription, and the service which an unlimited power of arrest may render to a tottering Government, and the luxury which is felt by thorough-going partisans in insulting disaffected women. They now understand, what they were slow to comprehend before, that when the lust for territorial expansion has become a master-passion, it is compatible with no remnant of human pity. Those who covet the rule of continents, and reck not of the enmity of the populations who inhabit them, must not flinch at the sight of human suffering, or shrink from the guilt of wholesale carnage. Russia and the Federal States are the only two countries in the world in which this mania has possessed the souls of the population, and thrust out every

better or softer feeling. In both, the misery of whole nations trampled under foot, the sacrifice of freedom at home, the loss of esteem and character abroad, are counted as nothing in comparison with the one great object of ambition. The desolation of territories, and the extinction of vast masses of human beings, are a cheap price, in the eyes of the Eastern autocracy and the Western Republic, to pay for extended Empire. In both there is a pretence of higher motives. The Russians profess a special care for the Orthodox religion, and extirpate Catholics in its name. The Yankees affect a sudden enthusiasm for negro freedom, and massacre whole populations of white men in its behalf. But in each the crusade is a hollow pretence; in each the greed of empire is the one motive to which every human sympathy and every divine law is compelled to bend. It is little wonder that those whose national aims are so marvellously similar, and who are at the same moment compelled to defy the reprobation of the rest of the civilized world, should be led both by feeling and policy to draw nearer to each other.

The most surprising part of the recent Yankee and Cossack re-union is the completeness with which the Americans have shaken themselves free of all respect for the Liberal opinion of Europe. It would have been easy for Mr. SEWARD and Mr. OPDYKE to avoid all allusion to the recent events which have shed so equivocal a glory upon Russian statesmanship. If they had desired to cultivate the friendship of Russian officers, they might have done so with vague generalities, or might have confined themselves to topics of a more inoffensive character. But they refused to take refuge in any such reserve. Both the Secretary and the Mayor pointedly singled out for their applause the recent diplomatic performances of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF—those clever ironical despatches in which he scoffed at the entreaties of France and England that some effort should be made to mitigate the heart-rending agonies of Poland. Those despatches, so cool, so polished, so heartlessly cruel, have called down upon their author, and upon the Government he represents, the execrations of Western Europe. And if ever circumstances shall place the Russian Government at the mercy of its enemies, it will feel in full force the fearful indignation which it is storing up in the heart of every man capable of thought or of compassion. But the excuse of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg is that the Calmuck is merely showing beneath the thin disguise of a Russian skin. Mr. SEWARD has proved to us that Calmucks can be made by adoption as well as by birth. Freely, and without pressure, he has volunteered his sympathy for the appalling crimes which the Tartar nature of the Russians has prompted them to perpetrate upon the plains of Poland. Like cleaves to like. The man who is plotting to found the perpetual domination of his party upon the extirpation of a whole people naturally feels sympathy for the butchers who are executing their office with so much zest upon the banks of the Vistula and the Bug. The Republicans of Boston and the Cossacks of the Ukraine are natural allies. It is curious to mark how the utterances of Mr. SEWARD are instinctively echoed by the organs of Mr. ADAMS in this country. The cruelties perpetrated in Poland find now but feeble reprobation in the columns of Anglo-Yankee journalism. It is true, as Mayor OPDYKE says, that the Great Empire and the Great Republic are likely soon to meet—in a moral, if not in a physical, sense. Their physical contact will be impeded by the resistance that intervening England may offer; but England cannot prevent the assimilation which must inevitably take place between all kinds of tyranny, whether they wear the form of the autocracy of an Emperor or the more pitiless despotism of a misguided multitude.

#### THE IONIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE perversity of the Ionian Parliament may cause much embarrassment to the Government. Lord SEATON'S absurd Constitution has produced nothing but confusion since it was first gratuitously introduced. The demagogues who make a livelihood by ostensibly representing the people are trained by long impunity to habitual insolence. Instead of performing the duties which they undertook, they have for several years confined themselves to seditious demands of annexation to the Kingdom of Greece. The grievance seemed, like the Irish cry for Repeal, to have the merit of being at the same time serious and perennial. The Ionians themselves were absolutely powerless to effect their object, and no precedent had been furnished by any European Government of the voluntary relinquishment of dominion. It was not probable that King OTTO would storm the fortifications of Corfu, and even if Russia had desired to assist the malcontents, English

fleets and Austrian armies would have effectually barred the way. The Ionians are outnumbered by the population of more than one London parish, and the entire absence of legal or rational foundation deprived their agitator of all moral weight. Any Power except England would have got rid of the petty annoyance by sending the paid representatives back to their constituents to lament the loss of their salaries. The LORD HIGH COMMISSIONERS contented themselves with allowing the patriots to enjoy their pay, while successive prorogations reduced them, for the most part, to innocuous silence. The change of dynasty in Greece seemed to provide an opportunity for getting finally rid of a thankless duty. The Protectorate which was established by the Congress of Vienna had been designed to protect the islands from the ambition of France and Russia, at a time when Greece still formed a part of the Ottoman Empire; but if the union of the Septinsular Republic to the Kingdom was agreeable to the Greeks themselves, England could well dispense with the occupation of a third Mediterranean fortress. The Government was perhaps too hasty in announcing a gift which might, with advantage to all parties, have been made the subject of a bargain. Lord RUSSELL almost deprived himself of the power of enforcing the contract when he prematurely published the conditions. The Ionians were not likely to become less ungovernable when the substantial justice of their clamour had been solemnly acknowledged. Long experience ought to have convinced the Government that it was idle to expect gratitude or good feeling. The demagogues of the Assembly, perhaps, care more for the opportunity of displaying their independence than for the annexation which they have long declared to be indispensable.

The LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER, under the instructions of the Government, caused a new Parliament to be elected for the purpose of formally ascertaining the wishes of the Ionian people. It was proper that the Ionians themselves should be consulted before the Protectorate was surrendered, but the vote of the Assembly was only one of several steps in the proceedings preliminary to the transfer. The present system had been constituted by the Great Powers, and it was necessary that they should consent to any new arrangement. It would have been prudent to complete the diplomatic correspondence before the form of convening the Ionian Parliament was commenced; but it was known that France, Russia, and Prussia would sanction the annexation of the islands to Greece, and it was probably thought that the reluctance of Austria would be overcome by the stipulations which might be inserted in the treaty. It was accordingly determined that the new King of GREECE should receive a promise of the transfer of the islands, and the inhabitants were next invited to express their wishes. Their reply was expected in the form of a resolution or of an address to the Crown, and the Assembly was informed that the concession of its anticipated request would depend on certain conditions of subordinate importance. Instead of seconding the benevolent intentions of the Government, the Parliament affected to decree the immediate annexation, although the vote is neither more nor less valid than if it had proceeded from the vestry which represents the far more important parish of Marylebone. It was also determined that the appanage provided by treaty for the King of GREECE should be reserved for further discussion, and a large majority protested against the payment of the insular debt. The fortifications of Corfu are, under the same questionable authority, to be handed over to Greece, although the Parliament is perfectly aware that the military possession of the works can by no possibility be disturbed without the consent of England. If a more powerful community had as deliberately thwarted the good intentions of a protecting Government, the charge of vexatious insolence would have been fully deserved. The conduct of the petty Assembly at Corfu is more properly described under the diminutive category of impertinence.

The leaders of the Parliament probably rely on the unwillingness of England to retract a liberal concession. Their position has, in fact, a certain logical or practical strength, although the flimsy threads of the political knot might easily be severed by a decision to retain the Protectorate. Prince GEORGE of DENMARK accepted the throne of Greece on the understanding that the islands should be annexed to the Kingdom; and his subjects, as well as the dynasty to which he is allied, might complain of a disappointment, although it was caused by the factious obstinacy of the Ionian Parliament. The turbulent little Republic is perhaps not in all respects a desirable acquisition, but, until the insular patriots transfer their energies to Athens, their character will not be adequately appreciated by their new rulers. Any dissatisfaction which may be occasioned on the mainland of Greece



by the delay of the annexation will be popularly attributed to the more respectable and responsible partner in the diplomatic transaction. It may be fairly urged that it was unreasonable to expect good taste or good conduct from the Parliament, and that the English Government, with full knowledge of the working of the Ionian Constitution, nevertheless deliberately undertook to surrender the Protectorate. It might not be difficult to urge plausible reasons for declining to redeem a conditional pledge, but, when two disputants really aim at the same result, there is little use in prolonging a verbal controversy. By some means the Protectorate will almost certainly be surrendered, although the Ionian Assembly has forfeited all claim to a further voice in the decision. It will, perhaps, be most convenient to make the conditions which the Ionians have refused binding on the Government of Greece. Although private bondholders are safely defrauded, it will not be equally easy to disregard a national obligation, which, in case of default, may be readily enforced. If the Ionian subjects of the Crown refuse to pay the expense which they will have imposed on their new country, the Greeks may be allowed to settle their own domestic difficulties. It matters little whether the Corfu brawlers fancy that the resolution of the English Government has been adopted in alarm at their menacing attitude. Their moral and intellectual duplicates in America have long derived a harmless satisfaction from the belief, or habitual assertion, that English justice and moderation are but outward forms of national cowardice.

The disposal of the fortifications of Corfu must depend on more important considerations than the caprice of a miniature Parliament. If it is true that Austria insists on the demolition of the fortress, it may be difficult to dispute the apparent justice of the demand. The English garrison was intended, not to defend the territory of the Septinsular Republic, but to exclude aggressive Powers from a menacing position in the neighbourhood of Austria and of Turkey. The islanders and the Greeks have no legal voice in the matter, and yet it is desirable, if possible, to consult their feelings. If the fortifications are demolished, it will be difficult to enforce a stipulation against their future repair. There is no real danger as long as the Greeks themselves hold Corfu, and the risk that they may invite some dangerous ally would be increased by any measure which could alienate them from Austria and from England. The Ionian Parliament, if it deserves no consideration, is too insignificant for revenge. It must not be forgotten that the Greeks of the mainland showed an earnest desire to conciliate the friendship of England, and it would be unfortunate if the unexpected boon which rewarded their attachment were clogged with conditions which might naturally be thought offensive. The remonstrances of Austria deserve respectful attention, but they are not necessarily final. It would be safer to rely on formal engagements on the part of Russia and France than to depend on the negative security of requiring that Corfu should be dismantled. The fortress will rapidly lose its formidable character when it is held by a Greek garrison and repaired out of Greek revenues. In the hands of England it is safe; France or Russia might make it dangerous; but native administration will soon leave it a ruin. The odd little difficulty which has arisen may probably be removed by a moderate exercise of prudence and good temper.

#### COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS.

THE course of the Money Market during the last two months, by which the Bank has at length been forced to very energetic measures, has been somewhat unusual; and, as a natural consequence, the most elaborate theories have been propounded from time to time to account for what was really due to the operation of a very simple cause. In the earlier part of the year, the general ease which prevailed was much greater than had been commonly anticipated under the rather gloomy political influences which threatened to derange the market. The distress in Lancashire, though abating, was still formidable; the prospect of a continuance of peace in Europe was not at all certain; there were then, as now, no hopes of an early termination of the American struggle; Ireland was fast losing the prosperity she had gained since the famine, and it was too soon even to guess whether three bad harvests in England might not be followed by a fourth. In spite of these sinister omens, the money market showed abundant confidence and ample means. New Companies, good and bad, were floated with so much ease that it seemed as though every third-rate village would soon have a monster hotel, and a bank of limited liability, pledged to accord unlimited facilities. At last, about the beginning of September, the general prospect brightened in almost

every direction. The Russian imbroglio was apparently ending in smoke—so far, at least, as England was concerned; and the cotton hands were being steadily absorbed, partly in their own and partly in other occupations. The American war, it is true, went on, and the blockade still obstructed the supply of the favourite staple; but new fields were fast opening, and the most doleful among the spinners looked for an increase in the next year of at least 50 per cent. on the past supply of cotton. Above all, a harvest of unusual abundance promised to flood England with wealth, and to turn the tide of trouble even in Ireland. At the same time the stock of bullion in the Bank was at the highest point it had reached during the year. Money was to be had by all who wanted it, and was flowing in from America and elsewhere much faster than it was carried away by the demands of Europe and the East.

Just at the moment when this tide of prosperity had been reached, signs of greater stringency began to show themselves, and it seemed as if a combination of favourable circumstances was producing on the market the usual consequences of evil times. Money still came in more rapidly than ever, but, like a Danaid's vase, the Bank cellar could not be kept full. There was nothing very serious about the drain, but it seemed so unaccountable that it caused a good deal of indefinite anxiety for the future. This has now been going on for two months, and after losing 1,600,000*l.* of bullion, the Bank has applied the remedy by raising the rate of discount first from four to five, and, after a few days' interval, from five to six per cent. The most extraordinary explanations were offered of the late drain. Some would have it that India was, as it so often had been, the loadstone that drew away our gold; but, though there was good ground to expect a future drain in that direction, the actual returns of specie shipped for the East were by no means excessive. It was the same with Egypt, where it was suggested by many that the lost gold would turn up. In fact, the known exports of bullion fell altogether short of the imports that were daily arriving, and it was clear that, unless some unwonted secrecy had been practised, the missing money had not gone abroad. Driven from this theory, the forecasters of commercial affairs fell in their despair upon a still wilder conjecture. It was thought that the prolific harvest had called for an unusual supply of cash for the payment of wages; and so no doubt it had; but then the drain was most marked after the harvest had been well nigh housed, when a return of coin into the Bank might rather have been looked for. If the foreigners and the farmers were not responsible for the absorption of cash, there was still another guess to be made, and it was whispered that the gold which left the cellars in Threadneedle Street only travelled as far as Baron Rothschild's strong room. In the face of all these surmises, it was obvious that an unusual amount of coin must be circulating somewhere at home, and it became a question of the greatest interest where and how it was employed. A large absorption of coin—a home drain, as it is called—may arise from either of two entirely different causes. Confidence may be failing, credit may be restricted, and a greater proportion of hard cash may be required to carry on the ordinary amount of business of the country. This is the symptom which generally precedes a crisis, but there was no room for any such apprehension when the prevalent buoyancy showed little tendency to decline, and new projects were welcomed as favourably as ever.

There remained but one other possible way of accounting for the signs of the times. The extent of the transactions for which a given amount of coin would serve as a basis had undergone no apparent diminution, and yet every day added to the value of the money in daily circulation. Under such circumstances, more money used could only mean more business done, and, as far as official returns can prove it, this is now known to be the true solution of the mystery. To some extent the additional transactions may be traced to the various new Companies which have recently commenced operations; but the character of this year's schemes has not been such as to demand a very large immediate expenditure. All the rest of the drain must have been due to the increased activity of trade in general. Cotton, it is known, is beginning again to call for supplies of working capital, and though the imports of raw material are not half what they were in the times before the war, their value has increased in a more than corresponding ratio, and the number of transactions is swollen by speculative dealings far beyond the average of quiet times. The spare capital released from the cotton industry can no longer be regarded as available for the other branches of trade, even if this particular commerce is not absorbing more than was ever its normal share of the capital of the

country. At the same time there has been a development of commerce, almost without precedent for its extent and universality. The exports of October have exceeded in the aggregate those of the corresponding month of 1862 by more than 3,000,000*l.*; and in spite of all the impediments caused by the American war, we are at this moment carrying on a trade which has not been surpassed in any of the years which are remembered as most remarkable for prosperity and inflation. In the main, this is a subject for nothing but congratulation, if it be true, as the public are repeatedly assured, that this gigantic business rests on sound foundations. There are no special indications at present of any unsafe speculation in the ordinary course of trade, unless it be in the purchase of cotton; but it is well not to be too sanguine, when it is borne in mind that the best-informed in such matters are scarcely ever able to predict the future with any greater certainty than may be done by any one who reads the Board of Trade returns. It might have been supposed that the extraordinary animation of the last month would have revealed itself at the time to the eyes of those who were in the midst of its transactions, yet the last returns seem to have taken the City almost as much by surprise as the outside public. If the extent of trade is thus veiled from the most acute observers until it is proved by actual statistics, its character seems often to be hidden in still greater obscurity. Only a short time before the last crisis, the highest authorities on commercial affairs pronounced the state of trade to be exceptionally sound, when in truth it was rotten to the core; and many a gloomy prediction of early reaction has been hazarded at random whenever a large measure of real or apparent prosperity has brightened the immediate aspect of affairs.

Beyond the simple facts that trade, and especially the trade in raw cotton, is remarkably active, and that a magnificent harvest must supply the means for transactions on a more than ordinary scale, it is the safest course to assume that all the guesses which are made as to the character of the business which is going on so largely are equally untrustworthy, whether they assume a cheerful or a warning tone. One thing is quite certain—that the Bank has done rightly in charging more for money which is in such eager demand. The circumstance that all the banks in Europe seem to be moving in the same direction will probably prevent the measure from leading to any important increase in the store of bullion; but the stock is still of fair amount, and, in the absence of adverse influences more powerful than can yet be described, there is no need to fear any serious diminution. For the present, at any rate, we may rejoice in a bountiful harvest and an active commerce, and may not unreasonably indulge the hope that the expansion of trade is a sign rather of steady prosperity than of wild speculation.

#### LITTLE PRINCES.

A COUNTRY in which nothing happens has often been supposed to be the luckiest. What in theory could be more delightful and simple than the life of Germans in one of their little States, with a population poor but contented, a paternal and beloved Duke or Elector to look after them, a few nobles with splendid titles to keep him company at dinner, and an army small enough to relieve every one from all dread of a conscription, but large enough to provide the requisite number of extra attendants at Court festivals? This seems to be the nearest possible approach to the Arcadia of pastoral poets, and even now the upper class in Germany appears unable to understand why the more Liberal portion of the German nation is dissatisfied with such a state of things. Perhaps the Elector of HESSE, who has started and solved a good many political problems in Germany already, may help to explain to them the grounds of this dissatisfaction. His Diet had met and done its work, and was waiting to be prorogued; but how was a Diet to be prorogued unless the ELECTOR would help to prorogue it? It appears to be the simple and expeditious custom in Hesse for the ELECTOR to send a general Message, at the end of each Session, containing his assent to everything that has been done. The Diet was ready, and the Ministry which had successfully carried the proper amount of Government measures was ready; but the ELECTOR, whose Message was the one thing wanting, would have nothing to do with business of any sort. He was at the theatre. The Ministry sent the Message to the theatre, but the ELECTOR would not look at it. Then the Ministers, in a noble rage, sent their resignations to the theatre; but the ELECTOR was engaged in the great business of looking at a play, and he took no more notice of the resignations than he had done of the Message. At

last, at ten o'clock in the evening, the play was over, and then the ELECTOR read the Message and approved of it, and the representatives of his subjects, who had been kept waiting five hours, were permitted to go home. No wonder that the people who live in the Hessian Arcadia are not quite pleased with this, and that those who live on its borders fear lest their Electors and Grand-Dukes should make a mockery of them and their institutions in the same way. But the ELECTOR was quite safe. If he liked to stay at the theatre and enjoy his play, there was no one to prevent him. There is no public in Hesse for the Sovereign to fear, and nothing but a revolution that would end him and the Electorate altogether could get him out of the theatre. The smallness of the tiny German kingdoms degrades both the rulers and the ruled. It degrades those who shower these petty insults on their inferiors, and it degrades those who have to bear these insults. The heart of the nation has been almost eaten out by the pestilent system of an infinity of little Courts, and little sham nobilities, practising the airs of a successful arrogance on the enervated and humiliated masses of the people. It is through this great social canker that the Germans—who in the sixteenth century were one of the foremost nations of Europe—are now sinking, in many parts of the world, into a subject race. In America they are classed with the Irish, are thrown into suburbs of their own, are used as food for powder, and are subject to the daily dictation and the daily dominion of native Americans. The fact is that the German who emigrates generally comes from a State where an abject servility has been forced on him from the cradle, where he has been accustomed to see his elders bow to the ground before the feeblest and meanest of Governments and aristocracies. It seems to him to be in the necessary order of nature that there should be "Vons" to kick, and snub, and rule over him; and the countrymen of General BUTLER and General BURNSIDE are not so very unlike the "Vons" of his native land. This deterioration of the national character is the most mournful and anxious of the many sad subjects that haunt the mind of the few politicians in Germany who have foresight and a real appreciation of their position. They see that Federal Reform may be welcomed on a very moderate scale as a beginning, but that the true end of Federal Reform must be National Reform; and the only possible end of National Reform must be the consignment of such Sovereigns as the Elector of HESSE to that private life in which they may go to the play as often, and stay there as long, as they please, without any one having a right to blame them.

But the Elector of HESSE has received great encouragement lately to go to the theatre while he is still Sovereign, and stay there looking calmly on at the thick German legs of the dancers and hearing the thick German jokes of the comic actors, although his impatient Diet is waiting for his Message, and his indignant Ministers send their resignations by a footman to the royal box. For the ELECTOR has achieved a great political triumph. He has found a shield and buckler in the King of PRUSSIA. Had Prussia been pursuing the path that lay open before her, and, by a liberal policy at home, been setting an example which the smaller German Powers could not have avoided following, the Elector of HESSE would have thought that the times were far too dangerous to keep representatives and Ministers waiting while he was enjoying himself at the theatre. But the King of PRUSSIA has chosen to behave exactly as if Prussia were a little State, and he were a little Prince. It is true that a great State always escapes the extremities of open insult to which little States are liable. There is something in the consciousness that he rules over a large country with inhabitants of many different classes and origins, and is the nominal guide of what was once one of the great Powers of Europe, that shames the King, and would shame even a worse man, out of such outbursts of silly insolence as suit the Elector of HESSE. Nor can the people of a State like Prussia ever sink to the level of the Hessians until they have licked the hand that smites them for many generations. There is a dignity, and at least a mockery of decency, in the conduct of great States, which may be found wanting in small ones. But still the general policy of the rulers of a large State may be precisely identical with that which prevails in a small one. Prussia is now ruled very much as Hesse is. It has fallen into the hands of men who are as weak, as obstinate, and as arrogant as the Elector of HESSE. The policy that prevails at Berlin is the policy of a minor German principality, and not of the sort which would make Germans look on Prussia as a guide and a consolation in that dreariness of political life which is forced on so many of them by the fatal accident of



their birth in little States. It is the consciousness of this that has awakened the energies of the Prussian people, and inspired them with that unanimity of resolution which has ended in the return of an overwhelming majority of advanced Liberals in the Chamber. If Prussia sinks altogether into the condition of the ordinary miserable German States, and if the Prussians bow to the yoke under which the Hessians have no choice but to pass, then the hopes and aspirations, not of Prussia only, but of all Germany, are at an end, and that deterioration of the whole race will set in which will make all the dwellers beyond the Rhine stand in France in the relation which the humble, sheepish dwellers of a German suburb hold to the domineering citizens of the main American town.

Another little Prince has been astonishing the world by announcing something very different from the intimation given by the Elector of Hesse, that it was for a Sovereign to judge how long he would stay at the play. The King of DENMARK is said to have publicly declared that, if he and his people are not saved from the danger that threatens them, and if too little remains to him to keep up the show of royalty, he will end royalty in Denmark altogether, and proclaim a republic. This is not the idle threat it seems. The KING knows that if he pulls down the pillars, the roof, when it falls in, will bury not only himself but many of his enemies in the ruins. It will be a bad day for the German Philistines when this SAMSON uses the strength that self-destruction gives him. If Denmark were dismembered, it would be by the intervention of the little German Princes; for Prussia and Austria are more than indifferent, and would be glad to leave Denmark alone were they not afraid to seem to hesitate when Germany is eager for the fight. Denmark is really attacked by such States as Saxony, and Hanover, and Hesse—States that are without life or capacity of internal progress, that are careless of all constitutions, bowed down by the narrowest of aristocracies, and fettered by the trammels of the most hollow and conventional social life in Europe. To such States, and to the wretched little tyrants that rule them, there is but one challenge—that of revolution; and a Republic in Denmark would be the signal for the lighting up of a revolutionary fire which, if it gathered force at all, would burn up the petty Princes of Germany like stubble. There are, we regret to say, many signs that this tremendous issue is being rapidly forced on Germany, and that the nation is learning to think its only hope lies through the bloody anarchy of a great, unguided, passionate rising of the people. Even in Prussia, there are voices beginning to be heard which whisper that not only the KING but the whole dynasty of the HOHENZOLLERNS must be swept away before Prussia can be itself. A German revolution would be a most lamentable event, and it would eventually lead to horrors and to a confusion at which Europe would shudder; but if it comes, it is always to be remembered that it is the Princes, not the people, that have brought it on, and that Germany did not turn against the tyranny that tramples on it until its Princes put the representatives of the people to open shame—until the Elector of Hesse kept his Diet waiting while the play was going on, and the King of PRUSSIA destroyed the last hope of quiet Constitutional Government.

#### AMERICA.

THE confident criticisms on General LEE's operations which are frequently uttered in England deserve little respect; but it must be confessed that the Federal Americans seem to be thoroughly puzzled. When the Confederates crossed the Rapidan, pushing General MEADE back to the defences of Washington, it was asserted that General LEE's attempt to throw himself on the Federal rear had been skilfully baffled. The retreat of the Southern army beyond the Rappahannock was represented as an acknowledgment of failure, although it was admitted that the destruction of the railroad would be a serious impediment to Federal operations. The conjecture that General LEE was alarmed by BURNSIDE's operations in Eastern Tennessee has been refuted by subsequent events. It is now stated that General MEADE suffered a loss of 7,000 men and of large material in his retreat on the Potomac, and General LEE has once more crossed the Rappahannock and defeated the Federals in a combat of some importance. It is evident that in Virginia, if not in Tennessee, the initiative of warlike operations belongs exclusively to the Confederates. An invading army has seldom been placed in a more singular position, and perhaps Mr. CHASE himself may reconsider his bold assertion that, while the army of the Potomac with difficulty defends the approaches of Washington, the war is

virtually at an end. Charleston has now resisted the assailants for a hundred days, and the damage inflicted on the besieged is confined to the destruction of mere brickwork and masonry. General BEAUREGARD's forces are untouched, and their number is altogether unknown. Even the newspaper correspondents have discontinued the daily assertion that the siege is proceeding favourably. The confidence of the North must be exclusively founded on the calculation that the fighting inhabitants of the Confederate States will eventually be so far reduced in numbers as to be incapable of continuing their resistance. It is true that no similar depletion can affect the Northern population; but it is necessary not only to have men at home, but to bring them into the field.

The future course of the American war will perhaps mainly depend on the success of the PRESIDENT's demand for 300,000 volunteers. The result of the draft has never been ascertained on official authority, but there is reason to believe that the number of conscripts is utterly insignificant. The substitutes who have been provided may probably be, for the most part, soldiers who have already some experience of war. The entire number is vaguely estimated at 70,000, and perhaps it may supply the losses which the army has experienced at Gettysburg, in the recent campaign in Tennessee, and in the minor operations on the West of the Mississippi. The necessity, whatever it may have been, which dictated the policy of the draft, must by this time have recurred; but Mr. LINCOLN has perhaps satisfied himself that it is impossible to procure the enormous armies which the North hoped a year ago to maintain to the end of the war. The present demand for volunteers purports to anticipate the serious crisis which must occur in the spring or summer of 1864. A considerable portion of the army will be entitled to a discharge in May or June, and the Government displays no excessive prudence in endeavouring to raise fresh troops before the regiments now in the field are actually disbanded. The proclamation requires the volunteers to present themselves before the first of January; and in every State or district which fails to provide its quota within the appointed time, a draft will be enforced without further notice. The PRESIDENT, perhaps, wishes to confute by practical experience the assertions of some of his opponents, that the ranks of the army might have been filled without recourse to compulsory enlistment. For any other purpose the summons to volunteers seems altogether useless. The recruiting officers are already engaged in hunting out all the new-comers who can be tempted by the bounty, and the PRESIDENT has not thought fit to increase the amount. It is difficult to understand why any man should enlist for a hundred dollars in November, when he can ensure three times the sum in January by offering himself as a substitute. In the State of New York, which forms a fourth or fifth part of the Northern Union, only 12,000 volunteers enlisted in the first six months of the year. Since the draft, the supply of volunteers has almost wholly ceased, and it may be supposed that the military ardour of the population has not been recently stimulated by the events of the war.

If political communities were bound by logical consistency, Ohio and Pennsylvania ought assuredly to provide their share of volunteers, nor is it improbable that the New York elections may involve a similar pledge to continue the war at the cost of any possible sacrifice. The Democrats are for the present in a minority, or rather they think it prudent to evade defeat by adopting the popular clamour. At one of their recent meetings in New York, a feeble protest in favour of peace was almost unanimously hooted down. The North is, for the present, determined to restore the Union by arms, and it follows that troops must be raised either by persuasion or by force. If the approaching draft is to be effected, it will probably be necessary to abolish or restrict the power of avoiding personal service by a payment in money. A substitute is as good as a recruit, and sometimes better, but greenbacks, though they may diminish the obligations of the Government, will not serve the purpose of soldiers. In all European countries where a conscription is established, the stated number of recruits or substitutes is inexorably required. Although the French Government at present accepts a certain sum in lieu of actual service, the amount is immediately expended in re-enlisting a soldier who has completed his term. If substitutes could no longer be procured, the conscript would be forced, as under the first EMPEROR, to discharge his duty in person. The course which has hitherto been followed in the United States is milder and more equitable, but it must be abandoned if the large bounties which are offered prove to be insufficient. The municipal corporations of New York and other States made the draft ridiculous when they undertook to vote money for

the discharge of the poorer conscripts. When both the rich and the poor purchase their exemption, a draft becomes only an awkward and unequal tax. The vanity of the Americans has been extravagantly flattered by the magnitude of the forces which they have employed with disproportionate results; and it is undoubtedly a great achievement for a country about as populous as England and Wales to raise in two or three years nearly a million of men. It must, however, be remembered that two-thirds of the force have already disappeared, and that of late the accession of recruits has been by no means rapid.

The war has taken many unexpected turns, and further surprises may perhaps still be in store for foreign observers. On the whole, however, it would seem that the North has put forth its utmost strength, and that any decisive triumphs which it may achieve can only be attributed to the exhaustion of the South. The elimination of incompetent or unlucky generals has proceeded almost too rapidly. A nation which engages in war after a long continuance of uninterrupted peace almost necessarily tries several leaders before it ascertains their comparative qualities. The PRESIDENT was well advised in superseding POPE, HOOKER, and BURNSIDE; but the removal of McCLELLAN was perhaps influenced by political jealousy, and the dismissal of ROSENCRANZ, who was lately regarded as the ablest commander on the Federal side, will scarcely tend to increase the confidence of the army. General GRANT, who is now entrusted with the supreme command of the Western armies, displayed considerable ability and vigour in his advance on Vicksburg. He was defeated in an attempt to take the fortress by storm, and he ultimately reduced it by blockade without any further opportunity of exhibiting his skill. His countrymen of course compare him to NAPOLEON, and the parallel would be just if the Consulship and the Imperial Crown had been attained and illustrated only by two or three combats and by the siege of Dantzie. Nevertheless, GRANT is probably a thorough soldier, and if he commands the army of the Cumberland in person he may find an able lieutenant in General THOMAS. It is uncertain whether the Federal army in Tennessee is a match for the enemy, and General BRAGG is said to be commencing a movement which may place him between Chattanooga and the base of the Northern operations. If the Federal General can retain his position through the winter, the great losses of the battle of Chickamauga may not have been too large a price to pay for a permanent settlement in the heart of the Confederacy. In two years and a half of war with a country somewhat less populous than Holland and Belgium, the Northern armies have occupied a fourth or fifth part of the hostile territory. The weight which has been lifted is less remarkable than the muscular strain which the world is expected to regard with admiration and astonishment. Having never had a history until the commencement of the civil war, the Americans have not yet acquired the habit of appreciating greatness, except when it is identical with bigness. Their national vanity is misdirected when they boast of their resources, instead of comparing their opportunities with their achievements. The Confederates may fairly compare themselves with the nations which have become most famous by their resistance to superior enemies. Neither the Swiss nor the Dutch have displayed more remarkable heroism. The North has levied vast armies and equipped unresisted fleets, but it has not justified its frequent boast that it has taught Europe the art of war.

#### THE BETHNAL-GREEN POOR.

THE New Poor Law was designed to attain two distinct, but not radically inconsistent, objects. It sought to combine the principle of local jurisdiction and control over expenditure with that of a centralized State authority. Not without reason it was considered that a local Board might be trusted to keep down its own expenditure, and, on the other hand, that a Government authority existing as a Court of Appeal, in the form of the Poor Law Commissioners, would effectually control parochial extravagances, not so much in the way of expenditure as of official administration. It may be admitted that in this respect the functions of the Board at Whitehall have been, on the whole, efficiently adjusted to remedy the shortcomings of the local Boards. It was also intended, by establishing unions of parishes, to put an end to parochial jobbery, by distributing over a larger area the range of local patronage and administration. But, perhaps unavoidably, the large London parishes, which are unions in themselves, presented an insuperable obstacle to the efforts contemplated by the law for stopping

local mismanagement. In almost all the collisions which have taken place between the Poor Law Board and the local Boards of Guardians we find the great London parishes the litigating and obstructive parties. There is almost a perpetual war between the Whitehall Board and the Marylebone and St. Pancras Guardians; and it now seems likely, and this not for the first time, that the Whitehall authorities are coming into sharp collision with the Bethnal-Green Guardians.

The actual constitution of the local governing bodies of the greater London parishes is a matter not very familiar to the outside world. These bodies form a peculiar society. People of means and mark and intelligence fly parish offices and parish duties for much the same reasons that the educated and thoughtful men of the Northern States, if any such there be, decline to fling themselves into the arena of public life. A Marylebone Vestry furnishes in a small way a sufficiently accurate representation of American public men. A metropolitan Board of Guardians seldom consists of even the superior tradesmen of the parish. It is out of the question to suppose that professional men can give up their time to the petty details of the rates and local expenditure; and, for the same reason, a shopkeeper with a good business finds it more profitable to attend to that business, and more pleasant to spend his little leisure with his family, or in his villa, than to reign and rule in the petty dignity of the Vestry Hall. The result is that parochial management falls into the hands of a class of persons who are eminently suited for their peculiar estimate of parish official life. There is a good deal of patronage belonging to the large London parishes, a substantial amount of charity funds to administer, and a handsome allowance of indirect remuneration accruing from official station. Above all, there is a vast deal of what is dearest of all to small people—place, and pomp, and dignity. There are few sights more edifying in their way than the abject servility with which beadles, and pew-openers, and collectors, and workhouse officials salute the Chairman of the Board of Guardians and the Vestrymen. The nearest thing which Western life presents to the interior of an African Court is the session of the great Parish Boards. If, as sometimes happens, a householder inexperienced in the ways of St. Pancras ventures, for example, to appeal against an assessment, or to make some inquiry about the practical working of the sanitary laws, and appears before the Board, he will have gained some knowledge of the highest forms of snubbing, as well as of the lower depths of the Cockney dialect and intelligence. And, at the same time, he will have learned how it comes to pass that parochial office is sought for. He will see that it is a substantial power. He will see its outward and visible form in the cringing *entourage* of collectors, clerks, workhouse officers, contractors, and the like, whose existence depends on the good word of the small grocers and builders who constitute the Vestry and the Board. And these things are correlative. It is not in human, and therefore not in parochial, nature but that a certain amount of trading value should accrue to the parochial magnates by virtue of their position. They expect to find, and they do find, customers in their own *employés*, as the modern phrase has it; and, besides being customers themselves, the collectors, and beadles, and contractors can recommend custom to the small shops of the great lords of the Vestry. So it comes to pass that local authority is an object of ambition to a certain class of people in London; and it is natural enough that they should be, for the most part, such as we have described them.

If the parsons, and the doctors, and the schoolmasters wish for an easy life, they will keep on good terms with the various Parish Boards. But parsons, and doctors, and schoolmasters are generally more or less educated men. They have an ugly trick of looking at parish matters, either with their own eyes—which may be the eyes of common sense or common charity—or with eyes which only reflect ordinary intelligence. Parsons, and doctors, and schoolmasters often think that routine, and keeping things quiet, and avoiding trouble, and hushing up a fuss, and choking off importunate claimants, are not the highest of parochial virtues. And so it generally happens that, when there is a parish row, it is a row between the Board of Guardians and some silly curate who thinks that he has duties towards the poor, or between the Board of Guardians and some impracticable doctor who is pig-headed enough to believe that fresh air, and clean water, and ventilation, and drainage, have something to do with health. But the Board usually treats matters with a high hand. The chaplain or the medical officer is dismissed for insubordination, and there the



matter generally drops. The Bethnal Green Guardians are now passing through a difficulty with a cantankerous medical officer, one Dr. MOORE, and Dr. MOORE has brought down the Poor Law Board upon them. It seems that some time ago the Guardians passed a resolution containing several charges against Dr. MOORE, and asking the Poor Law Board to sanction his dismissal from office. The Board in reply requires that the heads of the charges against Dr. MOORE should be specified; and the Whitehall authorities are, moreover, exacting enough to demand that the Guardians themselves should put in answers to certain charges of inhumanity against one of their relieving officers made by a Coroner's jury. Besides all this, there are pending grave accusations against the parish authorities of Bethnal Green, arising from neglect in sanitary matters. It is likely enough that the Bethnal Green authorities have just now somewhat more than sufficient to disturb the even tenour of their way. They were fully equal to the emergency when it first arose, but it remains to be seen whether the same valiant defiance of common decency which they exhibited in their own hall and before the Coroner will be maintained at Whitehall. On one occasion, when a wretched woman went to the Bethnal Green officials to complain, amongst other things, that in the square in which she lived, containing two hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants, and in which twelve children had died at once (and five out of one family), there was only one water-tank, and that had been empty for eighteen months together, she was told that she had better go and live in a large house in the Park, and that authority was not to be pestered about trifles. The Sanitary Inspector, who was forced to visit the place—a place so bad that the surgeon of one of the Hospitals declared that the houses were foul and unhealthy, and not fit for human habitation—candidly observed, “that he would rather have given 5*l*. than “have had to come, as the landlord was a particular friend of “his.” On the inquest which was held in this case, the Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Guardians and two vestrymen did not serve only because the Coroner refused to have them sworn; and at the same inquest another vestryman had the impudence to ask the Coroner to require that the reporters present should give their names and addresses.

This was at the Thorold Square inquest, held about a month ago; but the Hollybush Place case, in which Dr. MOORE is implicated, still more completely brings out the general character of the parochial mind in Bethnal Green. Mr. COLLINS—the same man who tried to get on the Thorold Square inquest—occupies the chair of the Board of Guardians, and he summons Dr. MOORE, one of the medical officers of the parish, who had been insane enough to give evidence which attributed the death of certain persons to the filthy condition of their houses. At this meeting some curious things came out. Dr. MOORE, according to his own account, was appointed as an unpaid officer, to examine and report on the state of the parish. What his report was may be judged from the fact that he was not appointed paid Sanitary Inspector, because the Board avowed that their object was to shut out all those doctors whose reports were troublesome, and who were running about “stink-hunting” in the parish. But what the Board failed to find in Dr. MOORE they were lucky enough to secure in another gentleman, who, on the part of Bethnal Green generally, avowed at the same meeting that the parish did not want a detective to go round and look after them. For his inconvenient dislike to stench, and his perverse desire to do his duty to the poor and to the public health, Dr. MOORE is dismissed. As Mr. COLLINS the Guardian says, “the parish had been maligned, and that “Dr. MOORE was at the bottom of it.” And now the Guardians want the Poor Law Board to endorse their dismissal of Dr. MOORE. What has Dr. MOORE done? It seems that he is a “stink-hunter;” it seems that he thinks Thorold Square and Hollybush Place are scandalously deficient in air, water, and drainage; he obstinately perseveres in the belief that death is occasioned by the want of water, air, and drainage; he says so before the Coroner and before the world; and therefore the Board of Guardians dismiss him. The view of the Bethnal Green shopkeepers is that, if the poor do not like stinks, and no water and no drainage, they can go elsewhere. Why should they not remove, as one of the Guardians acutely asks, to Finsbury Square? What business has Dr. MOORE to malign the parish? Are not the Vestrymen and Guardians proprietors of these very houses? Why should Dr. MOORE damage their property? Let him be dismissed; and he is dismissed. It remains to be seen whether the Poor Law Board will sanction his dismissal.

## ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS.

THERE is a very common confusion of ideas between acquaintances and friends, which not only gives false notions of society, but results in a good deal of conceit and harsh judging. Some people are always wondering and regretting that acquaintances do not turn into friends by a sort of natural growth or transformation; while others affect to despise acquaintances, because they are not friends, and therefore not worth having. In talk and in theory, “mere” acquaintances, as they are called, are disparaged. Acquaintanceship is thought a worldly thing, and indeed there is no surer test of worldliness with a good many minds than that persons should accept society for what it is—the intercourse of acquaintances—and find pleasure in it. To know many people, and to know them mainly through their open and palpable qualities and gifts—to like their company, without curiously inquiring whether the existing superficial sympathy may be forced into deeper and more intimate currents of feeling—is supposed to imply a frivolous, a cold, or a worldly temper. This sentiment is embodied in so many representations of life—from that of the austere professor who denounces dinner parties because the guests are apt to take an airy and cursory view of things, and to abstain from probing into each other's profounder convictions, and who would confine every social demonstration to tea-meetings of a very few friends of identical habits and feelings, down to that of the toper who sings over his cups, “only give him his friend and his glass, all the rest of the world may go hang”—that it may be called universal. That is, it is universal as a sentiment, for it is incapable of being really put in practice. Everybody has acquaintances, could ill spare them, and is really greatly indebted to them, even though there may be no chance of the relation ever changing into that of intimate friendship. Persons are not worse than we are because entire sympathy is incompatible between our natures and theirs. Yet, when people talk and write of acquaintances in contrast with friends, there is generally a growl at the hollow world, as though the grumbler stood outside of it. No such thing. The world may be hollow, but this is not a necessary proof of it. It is no sign of its hollowness that men who meet one another on certain understood terms of guarded approach do not get nearer. Our friends may be hollow, less sincere, than our acquaintances, and yet may suit us better—may reach a different, deeper, more intimate part of us, adapt themselves with a nicer fit and adjustment to what is peculiar and characteristic in us, and be bound to us, and we to them, by a stronger, more exacting, and more sacred tie than acquaintances, however estimable.

It is clearly necessary to establish the generic difference between friendship and ordinary social intercourse before we can settle the claims and duties of each. Once grant that mere acquaintanceship is a good and profitable relation in itself, though developing into nothing closer and warmer, and we shall see that a great deal that has at all times been said on this subject is unjust as well as impracticable, through the neglect of proper distinctions. It is through our circle of acquaintance, so far as it is at once well-chosen and extensive, that we realize our duties as citizens, so to say—that we derive our knowledge of mankind, and learn the claims of our own class and what we owe to it—that we acquire propriety of manner and independence of thought. Acquaintanceship is, in fact, the medium through which we see the world, by which we touch it and become cognisant of public opinion. If it were possible for men to have none but intimate friends between them and the vast system at work around them, they would degenerate into every form of crotchety eccentricity, overbearing tyranny, or enervating dependence. But it is quite clear that this external social connexion, to be of mutual service, must be under quite different laws from those which regulate friendship; and this is just the distinction which prosy moralists, or moralists when they are prosy, have refused to acknowledge. From our childhood we have read denunciations of society as heartless and ungrateful for letting its members slip through, and pass out of sight, under the touch of misfortune. The popular, picturesque illustration of this in story-books used to be the easy, careless, amiable spendthrift, who, after lavishing his fortune upon so-called friends, was, in the evil hour, deserted by them. Now friends are not the sort of people men ever do lavish fortunes upon. The spendthrift wished to make a figure or to enjoy himself, and collected about him whoever would further this end. But it was really the fault of the spender, not of the world, that he should drop through after his money was gone. The assumption was preposterous that, after his own means were wasted, his acquaintance should make all straight by giving him theirs—which was the moral apparently pressed on our raw and perplexed judgment. Acquaintances are not called upon to advise one another on their private affairs. They have no data to go upon to judge of prudence or imprudence. On this point each man must take care of himself, and do his duty to society by setting a wise example. It is not really heartless to refuse to share our possessions with every man with whom we have interchanged dinners; and altered fortunes may act as a separating influence without any just charge of coldness on the more fortunate party, because there has always been a tacit understanding that the intercourse is subject to certain conditions. Towards acquaintance men act in their corporate capacity as members of society; while friendship is strictly a tie between two contracting parties, with which society has no right to interfere. Of course people act upon this view of the difference between the two relations; but if they act under a confused idea that there is something insincere and heartless in it all the while, they are likely to be heartless

and insincere. They shuffle, and shirk, and fail in the kindness and tenderness which belong alike to every form of intercourse. In fact, people are often unfeeling, and even cruel, to old acquaintances, because they fear that sacrifices which are only due to friendship will be expected from them.

If it were true that it is hard-hearted and hollow not to hold by acquaintances through every turn of fortune, every change of circumstances, and every difficulty that time throws in the way, then the fewer of them we form the better; and some people, in argument at least, are quite ready to act upon this principle, and to confine their society to those whom, in an exact sense, they call friends. But in fact, in the true meaning of the word, people cannot have many friends; nor will they have any more for rejecting acquaintances, nor be any better morally; while intellectually they will miss a great freshening and polishing influence on human nature, which requires for its development popular and general intercourse, as well as particular intimacies. In defending society from the charge of being necessarily hollow, by showing that its ordinary intercourses are not founded on false pretences, we are not denying that they may be unsatisfactory. It is unsatisfactory that appearances do not go for all they seem to the uninitiated, that reality eludes men's grasp, that all people who reflect on their position find something illusory and infirm in their hold of things. Certain it is that there is no complaint more universal than the want of a staff of real friends. People cannot understand how, friendship being so human a thing, there should be so little of it. They perpetually attribute the defect in their own life to circumstances, and generally with a show of reason; and all that can be said is that circumstances which seem so trivial, or so peculiar, or so accidental, appear to be in this matter a universal agent. The cry, after all, does not come from the affections. It springs from the desire to be a living, acting, necessary part of the world in which we find ourselves. Nobody really feels himself to be substantially what he seems. People who are called "in the world," and are looked upon by their distant friends as in the turmoil and heart of things, feel themselves excluded from the mystery and the secret of it all. The people they live and act with, and with whom they are identified as one, perhaps exclusive, community, show them only their outside. They stand loose from them; they never really touch; they are conscious of illusion and slipperiness, of a sort of imposture. Those who have never felt the excitement of being part of what they see, of owning a place in the active social fabric, wonder how, in their sleepy circles, acquaintance does not grow into something warmer through the mere lapse of years—how the solemn, dull, stated meetings should not, through mere friction and contact, kindle into something genial. Hopeless aspiration! for there is no greater impossibility than that a twenty years' guarded acquaintanceship should, under any conceivable circumstances, change into friendship, or even into active unrestrained sociability.

This impatience and repining is natural in the young, whose hopes are alive and their anticipations all astray on every new acquaintance out of whom imagination can construct a castle or a vision. Until experience has done its work, there is something intolerable to ardent temperaments in facing the slight tenure which they really have on all they see—the little hold they have, or are ever likely to have, on what they take society to be. To be attracted by people, to meet them at stated times, but always with some impediment to any effusion of thought and sentiment—to make no way—to find the same friendly cordiality always succeeded, when the occasion is past, by the same indifference—disgusts them, and makes them rail, not, of course, at this particular instance, but at the society which permits such things, and holds congenial souls back from the thrilling pleasures of a real encounter. They are apt to think their elders cold, and spoilt by the world, who resign themselves to things as they find them, are less exacting from fate, and expect nothing from society but what it gives. They cannot understand persons who can enjoy an agreeable acquaintance though the periodical meetings lead to nothing further, and who learn to be satisfied with the refreshment and variety as far as they go, without expecting deeper satisfactions from such intercourse or any fundamental changes in their daily life—who can estimate pleasant people at their full value, yet reconcile themselves to the conviction that their choicer gifts and warmer intimacies are not for them. Time shows us all that a man may have much in him which suits us and fits in with us in matters of general interest, yet be wanting on all points necessary for private satisfaction. These public qualities are good and worthy ones, and it is fair that they should have their arena and be esteemed at their true value, though the same mind may have inferior or, to us, utterly uncongenial elements. Moreover, we learn by experience that there are real substantial good qualities which yet fit people rather for acquaintances than friends, because these qualities are constantly clogged with some alloy which tells upon close intimacy. Thus, brilliant conversational powers are inestimable in an acquaintance, but have certainly their drawback in a friend; and a good grasp of general subjects, or wit, or polish, or grace of manner are compatible with particular intellectual wants and defective sympathies which might, and constantly do, detract from their charm and disqualify for friendship. Again, there is a diffusive benevolence and general good nature, incapable of distinct preferences, but quickened into activity by cheerful scenes, which makes "nice" people and desirable acquaintances, though, for our part, we should not look to them in the emergencies of life. Indeed, a host of natural deficiencies may be kept out of sight in guarded intercourse, and we may be only

gainers by what general society fosters and brings to light. So far, there is no "hollowness" nor worldliness in those who accept society for what it is—a scene where all are on their good behaviour, and in a position to show their more agreeable qualities and to keep the rest in the background. When people, through habit and deadness to higher things, grow satisfied and content with acquaintances only, and have lost even the yearning for anything deeper or more intimate, then, of course, they become open to the charge of hollowness. But this is not the occasion to talk of club windows, of Bond Street loungers, dowagers, old staggers, men about town, and professional diners out, who in one sense know hundreds, and in another have not a friend in the world; though many of these folks, whom the young, affluent in hope and in inherited friends, condemn as heartless used-up worldlings, are friendless, not from incapacity for friendship, but because none except acquaintances are left to them at a time when friends are not to be had for the wish. It is wonderful what one of these old fogies now and then turns into—what heartiness he will develop when circumstances give him a chance: though we own the transformation is a rare one.

What we would say is, that acquaintances, and acquaintances only, can awaken certain feelings and do certain things for us. It is precisely because we do not know them intimately, nor they us, that this service is rendered. Society, as it is conducted in highly-civilized and artificial communities, requires great powers of reticence, selection, and self-control in those who mix in it. Inexperienced persons, on finding themselves suddenly part of it, are almost certain, if they throw themselves into the scene at all, to commit themselves by over-energy of expression, by too earnest a tone, by showing parts of themselves for which this is not the fitting sphere; and, on becoming conscious of this difference between themselves and those around them, a sense of resentment is awakened against a state of things which has made their sincerity and warmth appear *outré*, and perhaps ridiculous. But the necessary repression of what is delightful to impulsive natures to express is really a check upon vanity and display. Every person accustomed to society feels that he must not obtrude even his most heartfelt convictions too forcibly, where it cannot be done without also obtruding himself. The light, passing, superficial treatment of subjects even of interest in mixed circles does not imply, as some suppose, that people have not profound convictions which, elsewhere, and on what seem to them fitting occasions, they can express with both the force and warmth their importance demands. It is only that experience has taught them that the republic of society will not and cannot stand dictators, and that the unrestrained liberty of speech of one would be the subjection and suppression of the rest. People may fancy themselves superior who will go nowhere where they may not speak their minds, and who shun all that are not of their own way of thinking. But they miss a discipline which might make them of service in their generation; and they also miss the taste of that exhilarating yet unselfish pleasure which minds open to the influence of society can alone experience through the genial contact of numbers—that pleasure the mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partakers of the same common entertainment."

#### MEN AND BRUTES.

OF the many scientific controversies which excite the attention of unscientific people, few are more interesting than those which relate to the distinction between men and brutes. Perhaps even to scientific men there may be some interest in knowing how the matter presents itself to a purely unscientific person, ignorant enough to have been capable of going to his grave without the remotest notion whether he had a hippocampus or not if Mr. Owen and Mr. Huxley had never discussed the subject, and ignorant enough, even now, to have considerable doubts whether his highest interests are bound up in the belief that he has a hippocampus and that apes have not, or that apes have a hippocampus and that he has not—subject always to the further question what the hippocampus is. To such a person the question of the distinction between men and brutes, considered by the light of common unsystematic observation, runs into various singular speculations when the usual rhetoric has been strained out of the subject. The most obvious distinction is that of outward form, but this is obviously not a fundamental one. To say nothing of the great hippocampus question, it is easy to put cases which show how imperfect a test this would be. Imagine a nation of creatures, like the wolf-children said to be known in some parts of India. They would be men and women in every particular as far as outward appearance goes, but in all essential points they would be animals. If a traveller were attacked by such a creature, he would shoot him like any other wild beast, and no one would think it wrong to put a chain round his waist and send him to the Zoological Gardens. Or put the matter the other way, and suppose that in some remote part of the world we discovered a community of elephants perfectly reasonable, able to speak, acquainted with arts and sciences, and sharing our moral and religious feelings—should we not concede to them the possession of rights, respect their persons and property, and perhaps send out missionaries to preach to them?



No doubt there would be a difficulty about intermarriage, but for most other purposes they would stand to us in the relation of fellow-creatures. The history of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos does not prove much, but it certainly does show that a good man in the shape of a horse is preferable to a vicious brute in the shape of a man.

If, then, the distinction between men and brutes is to be found in their invisible endowments, on which of them can we rely? Though it may, at first sight, seem paradoxical to say so, much is to be said for the proposition that the difference between the man and the brute is mainly a difference of degree in the intellectual faculties, of which difference the power of speech is, beyond all comparison, the best-marked outward sign. One of the many uses to which Coleridge used to put his favourite doctrine of the difference between the reason and the understanding (of which Mr. Carlyle felicitously observed that if you could understand it, which you never could, all mysteries would be explained) was to draw a line between men and the lower animals. Men, he said, have both reason and understanding. Beasts have understanding only. If this proposition has a meaning, it is one which it is extremely difficult to express in any other words, or to convey by any crucial illustration. Perhaps the best notion of its meaning may be obtained by comparing the first steps of the education of children with those of other young creatures. A kitten or a puppy is perfect, as far as it goes, at any given moment. By judicious management you may teach it a variety of habits, which in course of time it will acquire almost to perfection; but there is one thing of which it never shows any signs. No brute ever seems to have thoughts which exceed its powers of expression. All children have. Parents know by painful experience that there is a certain age at which children become fractious, ill-tempered, and difficult to manage, to the most unpleasant degree. It is the age at which they have learnt more or less to think, but not to speak. They know perfectly well what they want, try in vain to explain themselves, and are as irritated and angry at not succeeding as a certain description of Englishman is apt to be with the stupid brutes of foreigners who, as he observes, cannot speak a word of any rational language. A child at this period is not a pleasing creature, but it is a very odd and instructive one. What is passing in its mind? How does it think? Does it say to itself, in words, I want this or that—what a fool my nurse must be not to see what I want, and give it me? If it does not say this, what does it say? It certainly says or thinks something, if gestures, expressions of countenance, and half-articulate sounds have any significance at all. A complete answer to these questions would solve the deepest of all problems respecting human knowledge. Such an answer is probably not to be had; yet there is strong reason to believe that at this troublesome stage of its life a child is, for the first time, learning to exercise the distinctively human faculty, whatever its proper name may be. It is the power of thinking in general terms, of which the power of speech is the outward and visible sign. Many animals, such as parrots and starlings, can speak perfectly as far as the mere articulation of sounds goes; but there is no instance of an inferior animal which ever learnt the meaning of a single word of the commonest kind, such as "horse" or "dog." Human beings—even if they are idiots, and, what is still more curious, if they are deaf, dumb, and blind—are capable of learning to communicate with their fellow-creatures by vocal or other signs expressing general abstract meanings.

The side of this truth which separates us from all other animals is sufficiently well known. The side of it which connects us with them is not so familiar, and not so pleasant to dwell upon. Examine the matter carefully, and it will appear that the words which men use, and which children learn so fluently, though no doubt far more definite than the sounds by which the brutes express their wants, are infinitely less definite than the things which they represent. The commonest word, if pursued far enough, is found to be destitute of precision. What, for instance, is the meaning of the word dog? Does it take in a wolf or an Australian dingo? Of the hundreds of millions of persons who use it and its equivalents in other languages, are there an appreciable minority who attach to it any more accurate signification than that vague general impression which may not unreasonably be supposed to be present to the memory of every member of the species when he recognises his brother by sense of smell under those wide external differences which separate a mastiff from a poodle? Indeed, the progress of every science depends upon and furnishes new illustrations of the fact that language is essentially tentative and experimental. In a few simple cases, in which it is possible to give an accurate conventional meaning to words (mathematics furnish the great illustration), words really correspond with things; but this is the rarest of exceptions. An infinite number of questions, are begged by the mere use of the word "man," the word "I," the word "thing," the word "person." The more we learn the more we see that a word is, after all, only a guess, the record of an impression which is certainly incomplete, and probably incorrect. Facts, however, most unquestionably make an impression of some sort upon brutes, and there is reason to believe that some of them can in some way record, and even exchange, their impressions. Every one knows the story of the dog who got his friend to go with him to revenge him on another dog; and the cries and gestures by which animals express their feelings, though infinitely less definite than language, are quite as emphatic. The big dog says to the little dog, "You had better mind what you are about,"

by a growl or a shrug of the lip, quite as effectively as if he used the words. The big boy who uses the words to a little boy has no precise meaning beyond that which the dog conveys equally well. Hence, even the power of speech hardly constitutes the fundamental distinction between men and beasts. The distinction lies in the man's consciousness of the imperfection of his instruments, in his dim perception of something lying behind and beyond his words—something which he is always trying to grasp, and which always more or less eludes him. Hence the assignable difference is a difference of degree of intellectual power. The real difference is unassignable; it is one for which we have no name, though thoughtful men may be conscious of its existence, and may more or less successfully try to find names for it.

To many persons the moral distinction between men and brutes may appear broader than the intellectual ones. Brutes, it may be said, have no sense of right and wrong; they stand to each other in no social relations; they have no feeling of decency. All these are not only distinctively, but exclusively, human gifts. Plausible as this may appear, it is by no means satisfactory. Morality consists of two distinct elements. It may be described as a system of rules for the management and regulation of certain passions. These passions are ultimate facts in our nature, beyond which we cannot go. A man and woman are thrown in each other's way, being of certain characters, of a certain manner, appearance, age, &c. The feelings of pleasure in each other's company, of desire for each other's society, of admiration, &c., which arise in their minds are as little voluntary as the feeling of pain arising from a blow. A vast system of rules is founded upon these feelings, which people may understand or not, and may act upon or violate as they choose. No doubt the existence of these rules acts upon the original feeling on which they are founded, but they are founded on it and are distinct from it. The formation of rules is an exclusively intellectual task, and all morality, so far as it is a matter of rule—the legal element, so to speak, of morality—is a matter of intellect. The intellect alone can judge what is the object of morality, and whether or not particular rules are calculated to promote that object. Hence the enormous moral difference between men and other animals may be referred to the difference in degree between the human and the merely animal intellect. Many animals have all, all animals have some, of the passionate elements of morality. If a dog could speak, he might be taught a great deal of morality. For instance, a dog has the strongest affections, not only for his master, but at times for other dogs. All animals have strong parental feelings. A dog has, upon certain subjects, a strong sense of shame; he knows when he has done wrong and deserves to be flogged, and he views deserved punishment quite differently from wanton cruelty. How far this goes, it is almost impossible to say, by reason of our lack of sympathy with animal understanding. Whether, for instance, any animal has any notion of love, as we understand it, may fairly be questioned; but love is rather a compound of several other feelings than a simple elementary passion. Animals have preferences of some sort for individuals of their own species; and whether, if their intellects were more active, they might not in time learn to combine their preferences with other feelings, and give the result a specific name, is an insoluble question.

It is a singular proof of the presumptuous rashness with which people speculate, that almost every one assumes the necessity of finding some broad distinction between men and beasts if any elevated views are to be maintained as to the condition of men here and their prospects hereafter. It is constantly assumed to be a fatal objection to particular theories that they do not distinguish men from beasts. It scarcely seems to occur to people to ask, why should such a line be drawn? Why are we to start with the assumption that a beast has nothing lofty about him, that he has no duties and no soul? We are absolutely ignorant on the whole subject. Indeed, as regards ourselves, we are not blind with excess of light, and, for aught we know, the lower animals may be immortal in their own way as well as men. There is certainly one fact about them which is not without its lessons to those who wish to think highly of themselves and their destiny. Whatever may be the case with men, it is perfectly certain that a Positivist dog would be under a great mistake. Such an animal would sturdily refuse to move a step beyond the circle of his own little world. He would put entirely on one side the possibility that he might form a part of a larger system than he could comprehend, and be under the direction of a being superior to him in every respect, and yet by no means cut off from sympathy or even from communication with him. He would reduce everything to a canine standard, and leave human matters on one side as things indifferent to him. Such an animal would not be the best or wisest kind of dog, nor would he learn the highest lessons which his circumstances, properly considered, would be capable of teaching him.

#### ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

IT is not our fault if the world at large still lies under a good deal of error and confusion as to the most wonderful spot in South Britain. We have at various times tried to set forth the different claims on general attention which belong to South Wales in general and to Pembrokeshire in particular. Nor have we failed to speak specially of the great ecclesiastical ornament of the country, and to show that the city of St. David's has a real and an independent existence—that it is a mere vulgar error either to

place it in Laputa or Barataria or to look upon it as being the same place with Llandaff or St. Asaph. Perhaps, however, the public ignorance is not so very wonderful when the Bishop of the Diocese, at a public meeting, in bringing forward the subject of restoring the Cathedral, finds it necessary to explain to some of his flock what and where the Cathedral is. This is doubtless owing to the vast extent of the diocese, to the lack of intercommunication between different parts of Wales, and to the out-of-the-way corner in which the Cathedral is placed. In old times two pilgrimages to St. David's were thought to be of equal merit with one pilgrimage to Rome. We should like to know the exact numbers of Englishmen or Welshmen who have made the two journeys. It would probably be found that now-a-days the Roman pilgrimage is thought a good deal the less difficult task of the two.

It was, we grant, a few years ago, a really difficult matter to get to St. David's. But it can hardly be called so now that there is a railway direct from London to Haverfordwest—Haverfordwest, moreover, lying on one of the great lines from England to Ireland. There is nothing to stand in the way of seeing St. David's except that general superstitious reverence for beaten tracks which keeps travellers from seeing the finest things in the countries which they go through, and a further special superstition that Welsh Cathedrals are not worth looking at. This last error arises from the fact that so many more people visit North Wales than South Wales. They see that Bangor and St. Asaph Cathedrals are surpassed by many parish churches—one might say by the average parish church of some counties—and they leap to the conclusion that Llandaff and St. David's are no better than Bangor and St. Asaph. Instead of that, if they would take the trouble to go and see for themselves, they would find at St. David's a Cathedral, quite second-class doubtless in point of size, but containing some portions of extreme beauty, and others of unusual importance in the history of architecture, and which, in its extraordinary position, and with the group of subordinate buildings which surround it, certainly forms altogether the most striking monument of antiquity in England and Wales.

One not uncommon belief is that St. David's Cathedral is merely a ruin, something like the Cathedrals of Iona and St. Germans. This again is a mere vulgar error, arising from the ruined state of the neighbouring Palace and of some of the smaller chapels. Even as a ruin, however, St. David's would still be worth going to see, though, as a ruin, it would certainly not be an object which it would be desirable to set about restoring. But, in fact, St. David's Cathedral is still alive, with its Dean and Canons, and Vicars and choral services; it is, moreover, the only Welsh Cathedral in which daily service has never been disused; it is also the parish church of a large and scattered parish. It is all this, besides being the finest building in Wales, and one intimately connected with the history of the Principality and of the Kingdom in general. On these grounds it is that the eminent Prelate who now fills the chair of St. David has come forward to plead that so venerable a monument should no longer be allowed to remain in a state which makes its utter downfall a matter of daily dread.

The cause of the long-neglected Cathedral was brought forward by Bishop Thirlwall at a public meeting at Caermarthen, on the 28th of October. The Bishop made a clear and vigorous appeal, and, with a single exception, he seems to have been thoroughly well supported by the local grandees who were assembled. Mr. Scott appeared with his report on the state of the building and the repairs which are needed, which, as so often happens, have to begin by making the tower safe. There is no denying the fact that, though something has been done of late years, the Cathedral of St. David's has long been scandalously neglected, and has at last reached a state from which it is quite beyond the combined power of the Chapter and the parish to rescue it. But, in a large diocese like St. David's, 30,000*l.*, the sum named by Mr. Scott, ought easily to be raised, and indeed a very good beginning seems actually to have been made at the meeting itself. It was perhaps as well that one speaker disturbed the common feeling of the meeting by some of the cavils which are common on such occasions, in order that he might be so well answered as he was by the Bishop and Mr. Scott. A certain Sir James Hamilton, of whom we know nothing, came forward at a meeting called to invite help towards restoring St. David's Cathedral, to show that St. David's Cathedral ought not to be restored. Needless as the interference was, there was still something respectable about it, as Sir James Hamilton did not come forward as the mere advocate of niggardliness. His object was to build a new Cathedral at Caermarthen, and only to restore St. David's Cathedral "as a parish church," whatever that may mean. The obvious answer is that the two objects in no way interfere with one another; that the diocese of St. David's is large enough to admit of, or rather to call for, division; and that, if the see were to be formally removed to Caermarthen, still no right-thinking person could wish to see the old Cathedral tumble down. Mr. Scott and the Bishop easily disposed of Sir James's objections, Mr. Scott showing that they could only arise from utter ignorance of the real condition of the place, and the Bishop showing that the two schemes were quite compatible, and that numbers of people would be glad to help to save the old Cathedral of St. David's from destruction who would take no interest whatever in the building of a new Cathedral at Caermarthen. With the exception of Sir James Hamilton, the speeches of the local gentry were highly satisfactory, and we find the cause warmly seconded by the local paper from which we take our account. This is especially

pleasing, as the narrow local patriotism which is to be found in so many quarters might have been expected to jump at a proposal clearly in the interest of the town of Caermarthen.

Altogether the Caermarthen meeting seems to have been really successful. When we read vaguely of "many sums in hundreds and fifties," besides other sums whose items come up to 2,800*l.*, being promised on the spot, it seems as if the thing were really likely to begin. Even Sir James Hamilton will give 100*l.* towards "the restoration of the Cathedral as a parish church." The distinction is rather too subtle for us; but as even a parish church cannot be said to be safe while its tower is threatening to fall, the object of Sir James's subscription will practically come to be the same as that of the Bishop, of Lord Dynevor, and of others who give without making unintelligible restrictions. This queer notion which one so commonly finds, about some inherent difference between Cathedrals and parish churches, is half amusing and half provoking. Sir James Hamilton has probably never seen St. David's Cathedral, and he most likely has no definite notion of his own meaning. He may mean that he thinks the Cathedral too big for a parish church, and that he would only keep up so much of it as would satisfy a Church-building Society measuring out so many inches of "sittings" to each parishioner. Or he may mean that his 100*l.* may be spent on making comfortably cushioned pews, but not on such vanities as stalls, throne, and the like. Most likely his distinctive notion of a Cathedral is a big church with an empty nave, while every real friend of Cathedrals, at St. David's or anywhere else, is doing all he can to get these empty naves filled as full as possible. Altogether, Sir James Hamilton's objections seem objections rather of ignorance than of ill-will, and if he will only sit for a while at the feet either of his Bishop or his Lord-Lieutenant, we do not despair of seeing him changed into a zealous promoter of the good work.

One question we cannot help asking with regard, not to St. David's Cathedral, but to this meeting, and to other meetings of this kind. Why should people quote Horace on such occasions? Why do people quote him at agricultural dinners, at Quarter Sessions, sometimes even when they meet you in the street? It is a frame of mind into which we cannot enter. It can hardly be in order to display learning, for the hearer generally takes it as quite proof enough of the absence of learning. On opening our Caermarthen paper, the first thing which caught our eye was two or three bits of Horace, one after another. We at once said, "That can't be the Bishop's speech." Nor was it; it was the speech of Mr. Pugh, M.P. Mr. Pugh quoted Horace largely. He quoted

*Delicta majorum immeritus laes,  
Romane, donec templa refereris,  
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et  
Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.*

Suddenly it struck him that "Deorum" in the plural did not quite apply to St. David's Cathedral; so he quoted it again in what was meant to be a more orthodox shape, and with a little mixture of David as well as of Horace:—

I walked about Sion, counted all the towers thereof, marked well her bulwarks,

*Ædesque labentes Jehovah, et  
Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.*

We are sorry to see that Mr. Pugh, in his strivings after orthodoxy, has fallen into the exact heresy of Jeroboam. Had he left his quotation as it stood, no one would have suspected him of worshipping Jupiter or Quirinus; but if "Deorum" is changed into "Jehovæ" in one line, while "simulacra" is allowed to stand in the other, we are instinctively made to think of the golden calves at Dan and Bethel. We tremble when we get on such ground, afraid alike of the charge of neology on one side and of old-fogeyism on the other; but we have always been taught to believe that the sin of Jeroboam did not consist, like that of Ahab, in worshipping Baalim and Ashtaroth, but in worshipping Jehovah under a similitude, a "simulacrum." He did not set up idols, but only "simulacres," and it is not idols but only "simulacres" which Mr. Pugh wishes to set up in St. David's Cathedral. If any one does not appreciate this distinction, let him hearken to Sir John Maundevile:—

Sûme worschipeu Symulacres and sâme Ydoles. But betwene Symulacres and Ydoles, is a gret difference. For Symulacres ben Ymages made after lyknesse of Men or of Women, or of the Sonne or of the Mone, or of any Best, or of any kyndely thing; and Ydoles, is an Ymage made of lewed wille of man, that man may not fynden among kyndely thynges; as an Ymage that hath 4 Hedes, on of a Man, another of an Hors, or of an Ox, or of some other Best, that no man hath seyn after kyndely disposicion.

This distinction quite acquits both Jeroboam and Mr. Pugh of the graver charge of idolatry, but it obliges us to find a true bill on the minor count of simulacra-worship. Mr. Pugh, however, shows so much good sense in that part of his speech where he is content to talk English that we feel sure that, on his part, unlike that of the faithless and stubborn son of Ephraim, it is only a momentary lapse. At any rate, we have confidence enough in both the ecclesiastical and the temporal authorities of the district to believe that neither idols nor simulacres will be allowed to profane the renovated walls of St. David's Cathedral. Were it otherwise, we might be tempted to secede along with Sir James Hamilton. In a "parish church" there could be no fear of simulacres; in Sir James's mind it is just possible that they may, along with various other things real and imaginary, enter into the distinctive idea of a Cathedral.



## PECULIAR DRESSES.

THERE is no point of contrast between English and Continental manners that would strike a passing traveller more forcibly than the difference of practice that prevails with respect to peculiar dresses. Abroad, the whole tone of feeling is in harmony with a system of uniforms. A man who has got an office, or a military rank, or belongs to any special class, is proud of it, and is not at all ashamed to let other people see that he is proud. And if the custom of his country allows him at the same time to advertise this position to all beholders, and to set off the graces of his person in bright colours, he seizes the opportunity with avidity. Nothing seems to him more natural than that a man who is in any way distinguished from his neighbours should be delighted with the fact, and he would as soon think of wearing a mask to hide his features as of attempting to conceal this very amiable and thoroughly human weakness. The result is that everybody who can on any pretext get into a peculiar dress does so, and shows it off on every possible occasion. The passion extends even down to the schoolboys, and under its influence they do that which any one familiar with schoolboy nature in England would at once pronounce to be impossible. They wear the uniform voluntarily, during their holidays at home, which they are made to wear compulsorily while they are at school. No one can imagine an English schoolboy strutting about in a school uniform in the holidays—unless, of course, he was a charity-boy. That wholesome fear of sisterly ridicule, upon which the Duke of Wellington used to rely to secure the bravery of raw young officers on their first field, would speedily blight any budding taste for gold braid and buttons. That a French schoolboy delights in these adornments, and that his sisters do not make his life a burden to him on account of them, marks the enormous interval that separates the popular instincts of the two nations upon this subject. It shows itself as decidedly in the haste with which an English officer in the army or navy gets out of his uniform as soon as ever his duty will allow him to do so. The three gallant sailors who were taken up for a row with the police after dinner at Rio Janeiro, and whose supposed wrongs so nearly involved us in a war, were victims to the national taste. If the party had been foreigners, the midshipman would never have been driven to point intricately to his buttons in order to establish his naval rank. The two officers would have been probably in full-dress uniform, and the chaplain whose conduct was described as so uproarious would probably have been compelled by the decencies of a cassock to abstain from poking fun at surly sentries. But an English officer is no sooner on leave than he hastens to make himself as little like an officer as possible; and an English clergyman is no sooner on his travels than he revels in that sense of freedom from starch, both moral and physical, which is conferred by a black tie. It is curious that this aversion to the insignia of their profession should show itself with such peculiar force in men who are more than any others proud of it. Neither civilians nor laymen have any reason to complain that officers or clergymen, as a body, display any want of appreciation of the dignity of their vocation. Rather, the prouder they are of it, the more anxious they are to avoid parading it. The cause lies deep in the peculiarities of the national character. The self-esteem common to all human beings takes, in Englishmen, a form strangely different from that which it exhibits in every other European race. It is more mature and more self-conscious, and therefore more disciplined and more concealed. The self-esteem of most foreigners is the self-esteem of children. They are vain out of the abundance of their hearts, and they make no attempt to impede its issue from their mouths. They do not fear moral nakedness. They are perfectly satisfied to lay bare to every spectator the workings of the vanity by which their conduct is guided, and which causes them vexation or rejoicing. Or rather, their vanity operates as the spring of their actions unconsciously to themselves, and it does not occur to them to inquire whether there is anything in the process which spectators might be inclined to ridicule. An Englishman's self-esteem is a more self-reflective and vigilant quality. It knows its own nakedness, and is very much ashamed. It shrinks from the idea that any stranger should be able to trace in any external sign a proof of the self-complacency which he is really cherishing. Most of all, desiring above all things to be really conspicuous, he is sensitively afraid of the suspicion that he is trying to be so.

Perhaps there is no more decisive index of the strength of this instinct than the horror which every Englishman has lest any of his female relations should do anything which might lay her open to that suspicion. Sisters of Mercy, merely as such, are certainly popular in this country. The enthusiasm with which the great services of Miss Nightingale have been acknowledged is a recognition, on the part of a practical people, that there was a great void to fill, and that it implied great moral and great intellectual merit to fill it as well as she did. So long as other claims are not neglected, nothing is so sure to procure respect for a woman, from people of all sorts of characters, as the knowledge that she devotes her time to some portion at least of the duties which belong to a Sister of Mercy's vocation. So strong and general is the feeling that some employment of the kind forms part of the education of well-brought-up girls in almost every respectable family. But, in spite of all this popular prepossession, there is no human being for whom the average Englishman feels a more insuperable aversion than for a Sister of Mercy in a peculiar dress. No doubt, his patience in this

respect has been sorely tried. A few years ago, some parts of the metropolis were beset with devout virgins, swathed in huge folds of ginger-coloured flannel, and strangely bedizened with other devices, calculated to make them as conspicuous as possible; and simple-minded citizens were required to believe that this eccentric masquerade was a necessary condition of the due performance of works of mercy. The same folly, with various modifications, was repeated in various parts of the kingdom; and the impression has unhappily, in consequence, become general among Englishmen, that organized sisterhoods are only contrivances for the exhibition of feminine vanity in a more pretentious, but certainly not in a more fascinating, form than that with which we are ordinarily familiar. There is no doubt that the same feeling has operated strongly to the prejudice of many clergymen, who in other respects were to be admired for their zeal. Much of the dissension with which the Church of England has been troubled in recent years has arisen from the mania which has prevailed among a portion of the clergy for dressing themselves up. It is hopeless to persuade the mass of Englishmen that people who delight in dressing themselves up can be actuated by any but the most despicable motives. It is all very well to tell them that a bright green chasuble is symbolical of charity, or that an embroidered manipule is an emblem of pure thoughts. To the end of the chapter, the average English mind will put no other interpretation upon the restoration of sacerdotal vestments than that the priest likes decking himself out in gaudy colours, and showing them off where they can be best seen. It may be taken as an axiom that any religious or philanthropic movement which requires that the actors in it should array themselves in a peculiar garb is in England certain to fail.

The approach of Lord Mayor's Day reminds us of another class of peculiar dresses, whose unpopularity it requires no recondite reasoning to explain. The system of what is called Court dress in England is one of the most curious moral phenomena of the age. For all people who have to take part in any public ceremonial, its prescriptions are an inevitable bondage—a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. But the curious thing is that the immutability of it is of modern date, and has crept over us without any evident cause—certainly not from any peculiar beauty or fitness in the garments which are required to be worn. It is always desirable, in investigating any institution which makes its appearance in various forms, to discover, if possible, in what the essence of it consists; for then it is possible to reason about its origin and uses without being distracted by the divers shapes that it takes. We think that every patient inquirer, who has duly meditated upon the great institution of Court dress, will agree that its essence consists in the display of the human calf. This is the only point of resemblance by which all Court dresses can be classified under a single heading. The coat may vary indefinitely in form or colour. The waistcoat may be grave or gay, floricultural or unobtrusive. The breeches may be left for shape, and almost for fabric, to the tailor's taste. There is only one *sine qua non*, only one condition, at the absence of which a Lord Chamberlain would go into a fit and the gentlemen ushers be carried off kicking; and that is, that there must be no attempt to conceal the outline of the shin-bone. This view of the essential character of the Court dress is confirmed by that curious compromise which is observed when it is desired to pay due respect to the presence of Royalty without going through the inordinate trouble of dressing exactly like a footman. In such cases the *tertium quid* is adopted of dressing in ordinary evening dress with this single modification—that the trowsers are made to fit close, like tights, round the lower part of the leg. Nothing could prove more conclusively in what, according to English ideas, the true homage to Royalty involved in wearing a Court dress essentially consists. All nations have their peculiar customs; and in all ages it has been customary to uncover some part of the body as a mark of respect. The European takes off his hat; the Eastern pulls off his shoes from his feet; the mediæval knight ungloved his hand. By a development of the same usage, though an odd one, the Englishman of the nineteenth century acknowledges the presence of his Sovereign by disclosing the outline of his calves. No doubt it seems quite natural to those who are to the manner born; and when they hear in church that some members are born to honour and some to dishonour, they must think with reverence of the marvellous dispensation that has exalted their calves so high.

## THE ROMANS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE Romans seem to have entertained a particular affection for the Cotswold Hills. It would appear from the number and variety of Roman remains found in this beautiful upland district of Gloucestershire, that it was inhabited in Roman times even more thickly than it is at present. Probably the situation was first chosen for military purposes, and was afterwards discovered to be no less desirable for peaceful life. At a time when Wales was peopled by still unsubdued tribes, the barrier of the Cotswold Hills was doubtless occupied by Roman troops in order to restrain incursions into the fertile country that lay beyond them. And at a later time, after Druidism had been extirpated even from distant Anglesea, and when the only enemy to be dreaded by Roman Britain lay to the north of the line of fortification drawn from the Solway to the Tyne, it may be supposed that the Cotswold district, being removed so far from the possibility of invasion, enjoyed as large a share of tranquillity and prosperity as in our

own day. Speaking roughly, it may be said that from about the year 80 to the year 400 the watch-towers upon the Cotswold Hills were useless, for there remained beyond the Severn no enemy whose movements there could be need to watch. The town of Cheltenham cannot claim, like Bath, to have been frequented for the virtues of its waters in Roman times, but, if the inducement had existed, there was nothing in its situation to prevent a growth of wealth and population almost equal to what has taken place in the last hundred years.

If we look forward, from the time when the Romans abandoned Britain, in search of another period of equal tranquillity for Gloucestershire, we shall hardly find one until the Welsh marches had ceased to furnish warlike work for the representatives of the Norman Kings of England. During about a thousand years there must have been always a possibility of an enemy being descried advancing over the Severn towards the Cotswold barrier. From the complete pacification of the Welsh frontier by the Normans to our own time is not much longer than from the conquest of Britain by the Romans under Vespasian to its relinquishment under Honorius. The Roman rule gave to the Cotswold district peace as profound and prosperity probably as great as it now enjoys. The villas of the wealthy were as luxurious and as unprotected against violence as the country houses which now look down upon the same valleys. It would be rash to assert that the agricultural labourer of to-day is much better housed or fed, or displays much higher intelligence, than did the slave who tilled the same land for a Roman master. The plough has certainly been improved since the Roman time, but perhaps the ploughman is not essentially very different. History knows only two periods during which the Cotswold country has enjoyed unbroken peace; and these periods may be taken as examples of the best results, the one of Pagan and the other of Christian principles of government. There could be no better scene than amid the ruined villas and temples of the Cotswold Hills for realizing the grand pictures which a recent historian has drawn of those soldier-nobles who maintained in remote provinces the majesty of the Roman Empire, and taught conquered races to exult in the yoke under which they bowed. Mr. Merivale has reminded his readers that even at Rome, in the worst of times, the practice of virtue could not have become wholly obsolete, while in the frontier camps the great qualities of the Roman character continued to be plainly manifested by the lieutenants of Caligula or Nero. "The history of the Cæsars presents to us a constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers, men deeply impressed with a sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to toil in obscurity and shed their blood at the frontiers of the Empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honours so sparingly awarded them, but satisfied in the daily work of their hands, and full of faith in the national destiny which they were daily accomplishing." If this be a faithful portrait of Suetonius, Corbulo, or Agricola, it must be acknowledged that what once were Roman provinces have not often, since the Roman time, been guarded or governed by more valiant warriors or more worthy statesmen. The soldier-nobles to whom the Cotswold, like other districts of Britain, owed the first of its two periods of prosperity, were judges and administrators as well as captains; they combined a wide experience of men and affairs with the feelings of a high-born aristocracy and the education of polished gentlemen. Far removed from the contamination of society at home, they preserved the strength of character and manly principle which had laid the deep foundations of the Roman Empire. They were conquerors, but they were also organizers and civilizers. "We are tempted," says Mr. Merivale, "to gaze again and again, in the decline and decay before us, on the legitimate succession of true Roman nobility, to renew our admiration of its sense of duty, its devotion to principles of obedience and self-control, unshaken by the cavils of the schools, serving the Emperor as the Genius of Discipline, worshipping all the Gods after the custom of antiquity, but trusting no God but its country." This passage, which will be remembered by every reader of Mr. Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*, could never be quoted more appropriately than by way of answer to inquiries as to the cause of the wonderful prosperity which the remains found in the Cotswold district prove it to have enjoyed at some distant time. Looking from Cleve Hill over the Severn valley, the reader of history may reflect that far away on his left, at Caerleon upon Usk, was the station of the Second Roman Legion, and even further on his right, at Chester, was the station of the Twentieth. In his front, somewhere among the distant hills of Wales, lies the strong position which Caractacus in vain defended against Ostorius. Calling to mind these proofs of the power of Rome, we can understand how it may well have been that for three centuries the military value of the Cotswold barrier was as much forgotten as it is to-day.

The interest which antiquarians must always feel in Gloucestershire has lately been revived by the opening of what appear to be the foundations of a Roman town, at a place called Andoversford, about six miles east of Cheltenham, upon what used to be the London road. The conjecture that these remains belong to a military post, around which grew, in course of time, a town or village, is supported both by the aspect of the ruins and by their locality. Placed on the eastern side of the Cotswold range and about three miles distant from Cleve Hill, troops stationed at Andoversford would enjoy shelter and a fertile soil, and would be ready at a moment's notice to move up to the higher ground above them, so as to receive to the best advantage an enemy

advancing from the west. The Cotswold Hills look down upon the valley of the Severn, and they contain the sources of the Thames. About half a mile from Andoversford bursts from the hill-side a stream, which spreads out into a small lake and drives a mill, and then flows past the site of the supposed Roman town, and unites farther down with the combined product of those Seven Springs which enjoy pre-eminence among the tributaries of the Thames. The Romans loved to build beside a running stream, and they seem to have had a special fancy for the headwaters of the river which they first knew at London. They chose at Andoversford a pleasant valley, where they have left behind them remains occupying about thirty-two acres of the best land existing in the neighbourhood. The tradition that these fertile fields covered a burnt Roman town has always been preserved in the district. The ploughshare grated against stones and turned up coins, but no attempt at deeper investigation was made until the present autumn, after a remarkably fine crop of wheat had been harvested upon the supposed site. Speaking generally, the remains which have been uncovered consist of the lower courses of stone walls, forming rectangular buildings of various dimensions. It may be conjectured that, if the upper portions of the walls were originally formed of stone, they have been removed to furnish building material for the neighbourhood; or, if they were formed of wood, they have been destroyed by fire. The stone was probably brought from an extensive but now disused quarry about two miles distant, and higher up the hill, whence the descent to the margin of the brook would have been easy. The buildings seem to have been roofed with a sort of thick slate, obtained by splitting stone, which is now commonly used in the district for the same purpose. Many of these stone-slates, as they are called, having holes for pegs to fasten them to the rafters, were found lying near the walls. It may be conjectured that some of the buildings were barracks, others stores and dwellings for non-combatants, another a temple, and another possibly an amphitheatre. Whenever a crop has been grown upon the land, the course of what seemed to be a road was always marked by the comparative poorness of the yield, showing a want of depth of soil. It is now found that the road thus indicated would have afforded access to the principal buildings of the supposed town. The convenience of the situation both for military and civil purposes appears from observing that roads ran from it in several different directions towards well-known Roman stations, one of which was that paradise of antiquaries, Corinium, now called Cirencester.

There is not, perhaps, much to excite enthusiasm in the mere aspect of rectangular walls of grey stone two or three feet in height, and of about equal thickness. It need not be said that the treasure which is always vulgarly supposed to be the object of antiquarian research neither has been nor is likely to be discovered. Coins of every Roman Emperor from Domitian to Aredius have been found, to the number in all of six or seven hundred, but they are almost all of bronze. The greater portion of these coins were found nearly in one spot, with the remains of what might have been a vessel which contained them. A number of fragments of what is called Samian, as well as of the coarser kinds of Roman pottery, have been collected from all parts of the excavations. There has been, thus far, no remarkable novelty brought to light. It was known beforehand that the Romans had populous settlements in the Cotswold country, and that, wherever they dwelt, they left behind them considerable quantities of pottery and of coins of small intrinsic value. Whether this site contains other and more interesting relics can only be ascertained by long and careful investigation. Further proceedings must be deferred until spring comes round, and it will be seen in the meantime whether the antiquarians of Gloucestershire, or of England generally, feel sufficient interest in this site to undertake its complete exploration. The owner of the land will, we are told, afford every facility for continuing the work, which has hitherto been carried on partly by a local subscription and partly at his own expense.

Besides styli and fibulae, and other usual evidences of Roman civilization, there have been found one or two relics which deserve a more particular description. A group of three figures rudely carved in stone reminds the explorer that the grave Roman character had often mingled with it a broad comic element. One of these figures might easily be mistaken for our own household deity, Punch. But the gem of the whole collection belongs to quite another school of art. It is a bronze figure of a soldier, about three inches high, executed with so much grace and vigour as to deserve to be accepted as an emblem of that military spirit of the Romans to which the Cotswold district owed three centuries of profound peace. It is possible that this little figure may have once adorned a standard under which Roman troops marched to battle against the wild tribes who dwelt beyond the Severn. It has upon its head a helmet without crest or ornament. It is clothed in a tunic, which may be supposed to be made either of leather or of mail, fine enough to allow the play of the muscles of the back to be seen through it. It has greaves upon its legs, and round its back and arms it wears a sort of cloak which exactly resembles a modern plaid, arranged rather for convenience of carriage than for warmth. The figure stands erect, and it once held aloft in its right hand something which has unfortunately been broken away. There was found near it a small battle-axe of bronze, which may possibly be what is wanting. It is to be considered, however, that this axe appears to be disproportionately large and heavy for the figure, and, besides, the axe was not a usual weapon of the Roman legionary. It would be preferable to suppose that the right hand



held aloft a standard, or some symbol calculated to awaken the martial fire of the troops which looked upon it—something which might be, to a Pagan soldiery, what the cross-handled sword of Marochetti's statue of King Richard Cœur de Lion may be conceived to have been to a Christian host. The little figure has the look and attitude of a General who seeks to arouse the courage of his troops at some moment of unusual peril, such as that terrible revolt of the Iceni, when Suetonius heard in distant Anglesea of the storming and sack of the "Conquering Colony" which he had left at Colchester; when the commander of the Ninth Legion had been defeated, with the loss of all his infantry, in Lincolnshire; when the commander of the Second Legion dared not stir from his fortifications at Caerleon; and when one legion at Anglesea and another at Chester were all the force that remained available to preserve the empire of Rome in Britain from annihilation. The storm of barbarian fury which devastated the Roman colonies of London, Colchester, and St. Albans would scarcely have spared Gloucester and whatever settlements had been founded among the Cotswold Hills. The little effigy which has lain for fourteen hundred years or more amid the ruins of a Roman barrack may have been intended to preserve the memory of some day like that when Suetonius offered to his ten thousand remaining soldiers the alternative of victory or utter ruin. Like a General full of confidence in the fortune and valour of his army, it seems to say:—

The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,  
Pitch'd on the topless Appennine, and blows  
To all the underworld, all nations,  
The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells;  
Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there,  
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,  
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.

#### MR. SMITH O'BRIEN AND GENERAL MEAGHER.

A VERY pretty and particularly Irish quarrel, or at least disagreement, has broken out between two of the leaders of the great cabbage garden rebellion. Spared to be mischievous by the contemptuous forbearance of the Imperial power, these two very small traitors have for a good many years only lived to squeak sedition and to threaten rebellion with the tongue. Meagher of the Sword and O'Brien of the Pen are at direct issue as to the mode in which the poor Irish Papists may be most successfully used for the future overthrow of the hated Saxon. "Our friend T. F. Meagher"—that is to say, Brigadier-General Meagher, in the service of the Federal States—having lost his brigade, and not having been entrusted with any other command, has recently employed his leisure time in stumping the country in favour of the continuance of the civil war, and has moreover sent what is called a despatch, written to induce the Irish to emigrate for the purpose of enlisting under the Federal flag. In plain English, Meagher of the Sword is doing the work of a crimp. He feels, or perhaps has been made to feel, that, as he is drawing some considerable pay, he must do something to earn it; and very likely he does earn it. It was high time that some oil should be poured into the waning lamp of Irish zeal. The enthusiasm of the Irish emigrants has died down in America, and Meagher complains that the Irish people—by which he means "the national party," the sorry faction which still looks to Mr. Smith O'Brien with deference—"have identified themselves with the Orangemen and Tories of England in their sympathy with the rebels of the South." To this charge Mr. Smith O'Brien replies in the columns of the *Irishman*, in a letter so remarkably well written and argued that it is worth a moment's attention.

Its value is not in its constructive aspect, for one would almost be ashamed of holding any opinions in common with Mr. Smith O'Brien, but as a complete and destructive condemnation of the sympathy entertained by the abettors and friends of Irish rebellion with the cause of the North. Mr. Smith O'Brien has wit enough to see that to uphold the right of rebellion in Ireland, and at the same time to stigmatize the Southerners as rebels, and to fight against them for their rebellion, is not a little illogical and inconsistent. He is, however, at very great pains to show that, though he loves not the North, he hates England more; and his chief ground of quarrel with his comrade, General Meagher, is the profligate and scandalous loss of the good seditious and rebellious material which is absolutely wasted and thrown away by Irish emigrants as soon as they enlist in the Federal armies. What afflicts and grieves him is, that if the present state of things is to continue, and if the burning eloquence of Meagher should attract more and more of the hot youth of Ireland to the Stars and Stripes, there will be absolutely no raw material for him, Mr. Smith O'Brien, to work with. It is of no use thinking of another cabbage garden revolt if there is to be nobody to rebel. If all the green jackets are to go over to New York, and become food for Confederate powder and steel, why then, as Mr. O'Brien shrewdly concludes, it will be of no use thinking of reviving the glories of Brian Borohme, for there will be nobody for Brian the present to reign over. He says—and he must know—"that every Irishman who has fled to America is an enemy to England." And of course all this valuable animosity ought to have been retained at home for home use. The festering venom of disaffection and treason should have been kept sweltering for domestic consumption—the poison is too precious to be thrown away. Mr. O'Brien sees, and sees with pain, what a vast amount of idleness and ruffianism, what excellent hedge murderers, and what a horde of midnight

assassins his friend Meagher is decoying away from their proper patriotic work, which is to murder English—and, for the matter of that, also Irish—landlords, to shut out the flow of British capital, and to keep Ireland as it ought to be, a gangrene and a poison in the whole circulation of the Empire. It is pain and grief to Mr. O'Brien to witness the exportation of so much native rascality which ought to be kept to serve under the green flag of Erin. He says that the gallant Brigadier is but playing the game of "those Englishmen—and they are not a few—who hate Ireland. Naturally they rejoice that the number of their enemies is diminished weekly by the operations of a relentless war." And what he finds fault with in the Meagher policy is, that there is in it absolutely nothing which will really damage England. Meagher, it is said, seeks to justify his call to the Irish patriots by representing that it is made "with a view to prepare them for an invasion of Ireland." This, as Mr. O'Brien remarks, is "absurd." The term is characteristic. The treason, and rebellion, and bloodshed, and rapine that an American invasion of Ireland implies is neither deplorable nor wicked. The thing is only "absurd." "A more absurd mode of preparing the Irish to attack an enemy was never devised by the imagination of man." It is as though Mr. O'Brien had said—The invasion of Ireland would be a right thing; the Irish are always looking to the United States to assist them in rebellion; "the patriotic party have found the increasing strength of the United States a guarantee against English oppression, which, under various contingencies, might be useful for the protection of Ireland." But, to carry out this latent treason, we ought to keep our elements of disaffection, and turbulence, and violence in hand. Of course there must be an understanding between the United States and Mr. O'Brien's party of disorder in Ireland; but it is the most fatal of mistakes to use up all your elements of discord, and waste them in other people's quarrels. Besides, as Mr. O'Brien slyly remarks, it is a very Irish way of preparing the emigrants to invade Ireland, to enlist them in Meagher's Brigade; for, as he reminds his friend, of the twelve hundred fine young Irishmen whom Meagher took into the battle of Fredericksburg, he only brought out two hundred and fifty. But the Brigadier-General, being an Irishman, cannot see that to kill two hundred thousand patriots, which is Mr. O'Brien's estimate of "the number of Irishmen who have already fallen in this horrible warfare," is not the very best mode of training them for that invasion of Ireland which is an object equally dear to the hearts of both of these patriot statesmen.

It must, however, be admitted that, although Mr. O'Brien objects to his friend's appeal on these high and public grounds, he nevertheless, in the course of his argument, delivers himself of some very sensible remarks on the inconsistency and absurdity of Irish "patriots" taking service with the Federals. He says that the quarrel between North and South is not their quarrel, and that all the Irish who take part in it in answer to Meagher's appeal are mere mercenaries, and only deserve the fate and the contempt of mercenaries. The object of the strife is "to determine whether one-third of the citizens of the States shall be governed according to their own choice, or shall be coerced by force to submit to a connexion and government which they repudiate and abhor." That is to say, if the Irish "patriots" are ever to pretend to a justification of their intended revolt against Saxon oppression, it must be on those very grounds which the South claims for its justification. "T. F. Meagher, the Young Tribune," was once the champion of his country's freedom; and how, asks Mr. O'Brien, can the same T. F. Meagher advocate a policy which, "by suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, subjects the personal liberty of every citizen of the United States to the caprice of a single ruler"—which "coerces into the ranks of the Federal army by conscription all who cannot afford an enormous ransom, and drives these unwilling conscripts into fields of battle for a cause which is not approved by their conscience"—and which "fraternizes with the tyrant of Russia, who is now carrying on that system by which alone the South can ever, if conquered, be governed—the policy formerly adopted by England towards Ireland, the policy of Mouravieff and Berg?" The patriotism which rebels against the tyranny of England over Ireland, and accepts, applauds, and pleads for the tyranny of the North over the South, Mr. O'Brien cannot understand. He cannot comprehend how any man but an Irishman and a Meagher can fail to see that the moral right claimed by Poland and Ireland to withdraw from the dominion of Russia and of England belongs at least as much to the Confederate States; and, relentless in this personal style of argument, he reminds General Meagher that it was Northern Know-Nothings who in 1854 sought to proscribe the Irish-born Americans, while it was owing to the Southern politicians, and especially to Mr. Wise of Virginia, that the fall of this anti-Irish faction in the States was owing. As to the recent pretence of the North that the war is for the emancipation of the slaves, Mr. O'Brien makes some observations which are worthy of Mr. Beecher's notice. He says, and with entire truth, that the North would gladly continue the Fugitive Slave Act provided the South would return to the Union; and he aptly observes that the Emancipation Proclamation might have declared the unconditional emancipation of every slave in every State, only it did no such thing. All that Mr. Lincoln did was to declare those slaves free over whom he had no control, while "the slaves of the loyal upholders of the Union are still consigned to everlasting bondage." And Mr. O'Brien reminds the rhetorical General that, of the millions of slaves to whom the war has

afforded an opportunity of escaping from slavery, only a few thousands have sought to escape, though stimulated by the North, not only with the offer of freedom, but with the liberty to plunder and massacre their masters and their families. General Meagher, Mr. O'Brien remarks, "has yet to learn that the Southerners may prefer to trust themselves to their slaves rather than submit to Northern domination; and, before this war is over, we may witness the invasion of the North by half a million of coloured troops, armed and led by their former masters." These arguments tell with crushing force against any Irish "patriots" who sympathise with the North; and though they are urged by one to whom experience has taught no lessons of moderation or common sense, their truth is not impaired by their author's malignity, nor is their cogency lessened by the circumstance that Mr. O'Brien stands almost alone among his party in repudiating the folly of sending out Irish recruits to uphold Mr. Lincoln's tyranny.

#### VERDANT GREEN IN SEARCH OF PREFERMENT.

A GENTLEMAN who seems to have had the advantage of an abnormal number of parents and godparents, but whose last tangible *alias* is George Turner, was brought up at the Westminster Police Office a few weeks ago, charged with fraudulently obtaining 300*l.* as a deposit upon the pretended sale of an advowson. George Turner is a person of aristocratic sympathies. He seems to have been convicted, in 1859, of forgery in the name of Lord Charleville, and, when apprehended on the present charge, he was living at Bath as Sir Herbert Seymour. His pecuniary predilections appear for once to have taken a religious direction; and, as the result shows, this investment of his sympathies turned out to be both safe and profitable. A year ago he heard of an advowson to be sold in Northamptonshire, and entered into negotiations on behalf of a client named Murray for the purchase of it. These, it need scarcely be said, ended in nothing when it was discovered that the client was apocryphal. But Mr. Turner was equal to the occasion. He transformed himself at once from the agent for its purchase into the agent for its sale, on behalf of a client who was, of course, equally apocryphal. About three weeks after the rejection of his proposals in the former capacity, he advertised the advowson for sale in the latter character. A divine, whom we may safely take to be the Rev. Verdant Green, answered the advertisement, and in due time received the particulars of the property. For the instruction of the uninitiated in such matters we append them:—

15 Hans Place, Belgrave Square, S.W., Nov. 22, 1862.

#### ADVOWSON.

Sir,—The property in question belongs to a client of mine and is situate in Northamptonshire, about two miles from a market town and three from two stations. Population, 100.

Rent-charge and glebe	£275	0	0
Endowment	30	0	0

Rates and taxes about	305	0	0
	25	0	0

£280 0 0

At present there is no house. Price, with immediate legal possession, 2,300*l.*; or 3,400*l.*, and vendor will build a good and suitable house forthwith. The church is small, chancel not good, but will be repaired; of course the parish is very retired, but for salubrity not to be surpassed. The people extremely well disposed to the Church. I have many applicants, and, if likely to suit you, I shall be glad to meet you at the station to show you the place, on payment only of my railway fare—say one guinea, my client paying my time. As I infer from your note that you are *bond fide* intending to buy, if this does not suit you, and you will let me know the chief points you seek, I may be able to serve you, for, as an old Cantab, I may now and then hear of such property.

Yours, very faithfully,

GEORGE TURNER.

There is something refreshingly pleasant about the hundred people being "extremely well disposed to the Church," the "salubrity not to be surpassed" of this retired little nook of Paradise regained, and the modest honesty of "chancel not good, but will be repaired." It looks—income, population, and all—just the place for a Verdant Green to grow grey in; and nothing could be happier than the pathetic allusion to the "Old Cantab's" opportunities in the way of serving the clerical world in general. The man, after several letters had passed to and fro between him and the applicant, had the coolness to travel down to the place itself, with which he had really about as much to do as with the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's private chapel, wherever they may be, and to show Verdant Green over the church and land belonging to the living, having probably become familiar with them in his *quondam* character of intending purchaser. In the end, Verdant Green, acting through a friend, agrees to purchase the advowson at a modest abatement in the price, and pays down 300*l.* After this, a good deal of haziness comes over the matter. The 300*l.* is substantial enough, but a mythical nebula supervenes over everything else. "Numerous difficulties" are in the way. However, when some lawyers take Mr. Turner in hand on behalf of the Rev. Verdant Green, "he was happy to say they were all removed," and "the matter would be arranged about the 1st of April." Not a doubt of it. The 1st of April is a proverbial festival—the day on which the large family of the Greens are periodically done a little brown.

Briefly, the man of many names wants to do a little business, one way or other. First, he wants to buy for, apparently, an unknown purchaser. Thus he becomes possessed of the all-important "particulars." Then he proceeds to sell, trusting to

buy the thing meanwhile, and net a pretty little profit by the transaction. The owners, unfortunately, will have nothing to do with him; Messrs. So-and-So don't like their customer; he is not allowed to buy, and yet he is pledged to sell. So he employs a "clerical agent"—a Mr. Dawson, of Malvern Link—to get it for him, who, in his turn, declares that he "had no knowledge whatever of the prisoner until February, when he became a member of the Society, and requested him to act as commission agent for him." Mr. Dawson does not seem to have succeeded in assailing the impregnable Messrs. So-and-So with much effect. Possibly they do not admire "clerical agents" in general. Finally, the good man, after vowing that Messrs. So-and-So have received the main part of the deposit (which of course turns out to be a myth), retires from public life for a while—perhaps enjoying himself at Bath on the 300*l.*—and re-appears in the police court. Meanwhile, poor Mr. Verdant Green, after having paid his 300*l.*, and employed three or four batches of lawyers, is saddled with the burden of a criminal prosecution, a good deal of unpleasant publicity, and plenty of costs, present and future—all to prove, what he probably knew already, that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. In due time, i.e. on the 29th of October, the Criminal Court part of the business comes on. The facts are proved, and not an attempt is made at cross-examining the witnesses, except in the case of the unhappy clergyman, apparently in the hope that the dread of exposure would persuade him at the last moment to withdraw from the prosecution. The clergyman, however, green as he might be in other respects, "has had some little experience in these matters"—knows pretty accurately what is simony and what is not, and manifests no repugnance to the position in which he stands. Nothing material is added to the facts except the number of sick friends whom Mr. Turner seems to have, one or other of whom it seems to have been his duty to visit at a distance whenever an unpleasant interview happened to be impending. A very ingenious defence was made for him. He believed he had a contract from Messrs. So-and-So for the sale of the property, and he was only trying to turn a penny by selling it over again. In short, having as he thought made sure of the bait, he was only trying next to secure the gudgeon, and a slight misconception on the former point was a comparatively unimportant accident; "however erroneous in law his opinion might be, still, there being no fraudulent intention, he was entitled to an acquittal." And an acquittal he got. The absorption of poor Mr. Verdant Green's 300*l.* seems to have been regarded as a sort of innocent pleasantry—nothing more, at worst, than the unfortunate result of a slight difference of opinion between Mr. Turner and Messrs. So-and-So as to who might be the owner of the property, in which Mr. Turner had been guilty of just a trifling mistake on a mere point of detail, for which he offered the most ample apology, and—

*Solvuntur risu tabule.*

If Mr. Green is not entirely satisfied with the result, apparently everybody else is, from the Common Sergeant downwards. Very probably the jury have a sort of hazy notion that buying an advowson is much the same thing as stealing the Communion-plate, or pocketing the alms-money, and would honestly own that they meant by their verdict to say—"Serve him right—parsons shouldn't meddle with advowsons." On the following day, however, Mr. Turner was put on his trial for another unfortunate little misconception, only this time it concerned secular property; a tradesman, not a clergyman, was the victim; and Mr. Turner came to grief at once.

Now, with the eccentric adventures of Verdant Green in search of preferment, and with the lively peculiarities of imaginary Lords and Baronets, we have simply nothing to do. But we venture to say that, had the property in the advowson case been a farm or a ship, no such verdict would have been given "after a few minutes' consultation," even if it had been given at all; and we apprehend, moreover, that the case itself could hardly have arisen. And this, simply because there is no secrecy about the negotiations for the buying and selling of secular property. There is no desire on either side for concealment. The vendor and the purchaser are equally anxious to know all about each other, for the most obvious reasons. But about Church property there is a sort of—we suppose we ought to call it—halo, though it commonly turns out to be something much less saintlike, which gives occasion for the intervention of a class of men called, in the course of this trial, "middle-men," whose manifest interest is to keep the parties as far apart as possible—that is, as much as possible in their own power. The usual appendage to advertisements of this sort of agency—"the strictest secrecy may be relied upon," "all communications held to be strictly confidential," or the like—is intended to impress on each of the parties, but especially on the clerical "party," that he is somehow meddling with forbidden fruit, and doing something rather naughty and just a little hazardous. By the time when he is called upon for a "deposit"—suppose of 300*l.*—he has probably put himself so far in the middle-man's power as to make hints about "exposure" unpleasant; and it so generally happens that the agents in question are men of the most undoubted personal honour that cases like the one before us seldom arise. There is, however, beyond all doubt, a class of persons like Mr. Turner, who especially infest the purlieus of the ecclesiastical market, and who have no chance of infesting the secular one, simply because of the sinister haze which surrounds transactions connected with the purchase of livings. And we venture to add also, that all the imbroglia arises, partly from the uncertainty of the law, but chiefly from its ludicrous eccentricity.



We do not propose to enter into the question of the propriety of the sale of property having cure of souls attached to it. In an ideal state of things, of course, the case could never happen, just as, in the same happy but imaginary condition of the world, patrons would never give their livings to their relations, Bishops and Chapters would invariably search out the best man for their preferments, Chancellors would be profoundly indifferent to the clamours of supporters of the Government, and Premiers would fill their Palaces and Deaneries with people very different from the average British dignitary. We are not dealing with a spiritual Elysium, but with the common-place facts of this secular age; and, taking things as they are, there is no *prima facie* reason why a man's possessing a few thousand pounds should not be as good a title to preferment as his being the *protégé* of a local brewer who returns the borough member, or the son of a canon residentiary. The law, moreover, faithful to its jealous guardianship of property, legalises the transaction; and it is one which, at all events, cannot be found fault with by Dissenters; for, in their communities, the purchaser of a chapel need not be one of a definite class of persons whose competency to the cure of souls has been certified by something like authority, but he may be anybody who chooses to wash his hands, swallow a few shibboleths, and turn preacher.

What we object to is, as we said, the oddity and capriciousness of the law in matters spiritual. Probably very few persons are aware how capricious it is, and how invisible, morally, is the line which separates lawful purchase from the evil odour and severe penalties of simony. Broadly stated, it amounts to this:—Anybody, cleric or layman, may purchase an advowson; a clergyman may not purchase a presentation, but any of his friends may for him, provided that the purchaser has, or at least declares, no intention of presenting any person in particular; so that, as Lord St. Leonards pithily puts it in his *Handy Book*, if a man means to purchase a living for his son, "of course I do not recommend you to make a corrupt presentation, but I advise you, whatever your intentions may be, not to disclose them." Then, again, a living may not be purchased when it is vacant. The incumbent may be *in extremis*, and the vendor and purchaser may be plying the telegraph from hour to hour, the price (of course) rapidly rising as the dying man grows fainter; but, when once it is vacant, it is sacrosanct. That is to say, a fair, honest bargain, in which people know what they are about, is simony; but if they like to mix up with the transaction a little gambling, and gambling of a very ugly kind—speculation in life—it is all right. Curious stories are told of intending purchasers going down to view the property, and the incumbency, or incumbent—the latter not always regarding the visit in the light of a complimentary attention. One arrangement, of the need of which every country district supplies examples, under which a new incumbent might be appointed, subject to his allowing a pension to his *emeritus* (not to say superannuated) predecessor, happens to be the rankest simony of all—possibly because it is so entirely rational.

The cause of all this odd jumble of cure of souls and care of property, of conscience and cash, lies deep in the mysterious mediæval conflict between the Regale and the Pontificate. The remedy is, perhaps, simple enough. We have no great hope, however, that it will be applied at present. Meanwhile, there hangs over Church property the confused halo of which we have spoken rather disrespectfully. It involves a grievous snare to honest men, much profitable amusement to lawyers, a daily ecclesiastical scandal, a roaring trade for "middle-men," and much misery for Verdant Greens.

#### WHO DISCOVERED PHOTOGRAPHY?

IT has hitherto been considered a curious coincidence that the process of taking permanent photographic pictures was discovered simultaneously in England and France, by Mr. Fox Talbot and M. Daguerre—the former producing his pictures on paper, the latter on silvered metal plates. Their results were made public in 1839, and were respectively called Talbotypes and Daguerrotypes. Prior to this date, many scientific men had diligently worked at the subject. The camera had been invented at least three hundred years before; and the influence of light on the salts of silver was certainly known as early as the sixteenth century. But those investigators who recorded the results of their labours only chronicled a succession of failures in their endeavours to render permanent the pictures obtained; the latest confession of failure in this essential part of the process being that made by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1802.

At the meeting of the London Photographic Society, on Tuesday last, a large gathering of photographers assembled to ascertain what foundation there might be for rumours which have been for some time afloat concerning the discovery of certain undoubted sun-pictures taken at the close of the last century, and the very existence of which up to the present time would afford sufficient evidence of their durability. The whole history of the curious circumstances connected with the discovery of these pictures was related by Mr. Smith, Curator of the Museum of Patents at South Kensington, to whom belongs the credit of rescuing from impending destruction the numerous specimens exhibited. With most praiseworthy industry he collected every scrap of evidence, direct and corroborative, in order to determine the means by which the exhibited pictures were produced, the time when, and the person by whom, they were taken. The story of the finding of them may be briefly told, but nothing has yet been discovered as to how they were done.

For purposes connected with his department, Mr. Smith had to visit the old house at Soho, near Birmingham, where the renowned engineering manufactory of Watt and Boulton was originally established. The works were about to be removed, and a clearing out of the house was being effected. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that it was here the famous body called the Lunar Society, which included among its members the chief scientific men of the day, held their meetings on the night of every full moon; and the dismantling of the library disclosed traces which led the initiated to believe that these meetings had something of the nature of Freemason Lodges. It certainly seems reasonable to conjecture that many matters, scientific and otherwise, were discussed at the meetings of such eminent men, other than are set down in the meagre records of the transactions of the Lunar Society.

Matthew Boulton resided at Soho until his death, in 1809. His library and its contents appear to have remained undisturbed for half a century, when, in the course of clearing out, and whilst removing a vast collection of old documents, there were found a number of crumpled and folded sheets of paper with pictures on them of a most puzzling kind—so much so as to attract the attention of Mr. Smith, he not being either an artist or photographer, and, moreover, being fully occupied at the time with far different business. On smoothing out these pictures, they were found to consist of copies, on large sheets of very coarse foolscap paper, of certain well-known designs by Angelina Kauffmann—the porous water-marked paper being thickly coated with some varnish-like substance, on the surface of which the picture had been produced. All the sheets found in the library, as well as others subsequently discovered, presented the same characters—a glossy surface with minute varnish-like cracks, the drawing of the figures most elaborately finished, the lights and shades so fully rendered as to give much the effect of a mezzotint, and an invariable reversal of the position of the figures, so that all the Nymphs and Cupids (Kauffmann's pet subjects) appeared to be left-handed. These paper pictures were sent to London, and submitted to the best authorities on the subjects of drawing and painting; and here the mystery about them began, for they were pronounced to have been produced by some process entirely different from anything previously seen, and certainly not to have been done by hand. This led to immediate search being made for any more of the pictures that might exist, and also to inquiries, among the oldest inhabitants, for any one who had lived at Soho in the time of Boulton, and could supply any information about them.

In a broker's shop were found several more of the pictures, which had been bought from the house at Soho as waste paper. One of these represented a large figure picture by West, and was on two sheets of paper, each about two feet by eighteen inches, intricately cut at the joining-place so that the line of union might fall at the edge of a shadow, and not be perceived when the two halves were put together to form the complete picture. Further research at Soho also led to the discovery of a couple of silvered-metal plates, each about the size of a sheet of note-paper, precisely resembling in appearance those used by Daguerre in the early days of photography. On each of these plates was a faint image of the house at Soho, so unmistakably taken from nature, and so evidently produced by the aid of light, that all experts of any authority at once pronounced them to be photographed pictures taken directly by means of a camera. Attached to these plates was a memorandum stating that they were sun-pictures representing the house prior to certain alterations made in 1791. Following out their search as to the means by which these pictures were produced, the investigators learnt that there had once been found a camera in Boulton's library, answering in description to the kind of instrument required for plates of this size. Unfortunately this had been given away, and great was the hunt to find some traces of its subsequent career. But the discovery of the recipient of the treasure did not much help matters, as he had subsequently lost it during a removal. So the search is still going on, and there are sanguine expectations that it may yet be found—possibly converted into a salt-box by some thrifty housewife. Not very long ago there was living an old man who had for many years been employed at Soho, and who related how the wise men used to come there at each full moon, and used to sit very late at night, and that he remembered Mr. Boulton and some of them once took a picture of the house, and had to go into a dark place during the process.

So far the evidence as to the metal plates, which, if substantiated, will go far to prove that the discoveries of Niepce and Daguerre were anticipated by Boulton. It may possibly prove more; for the resemblance between these plates and the early productions of Daguerre is really marvellous if only accidental, and if no link be found to connect the two processes. But the further evidence already obtained as to the pictures on paper discovered at Soho presents quite a tangle of curious circumstances. From invoices and other office papers, all bearing date about the end of last century, it is evident that these pictures, however produced, were actually sold at Soho in large quantities, and at low prices. The demand for them was great, and considerable pains appear to have been taken to prevent the method of their production becoming generally known. So there must exist a large number of them at the present time, scattered through various collections and portfolios. The glazy surface, the porous, rough, water-marked, foolscap paper, bearing Whatman's impress and the reversed figures, will distinguish them; for their

appearance on cursory examination very much resembles that of the common coloured mezzotints which our grandsires so much affected.

It appears that Sir William Beatty painted Boulton's portrait about 1794, the picture being subsequently exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was horrified on being shown a number of paper pictures similar to those recently discovered; and he got up a petition, signed by a number of artists, and presented either to or through the Lunar Society, entreating that the manufacture of these pictures might be stayed, as it would inevitably ruin the picture trade. A sort of foreman of Boulton's, named Edginton, appears to have superintended the production of these pictures, if he did not actually discover the process by which the transfer to paper was done. Several of his letters are extant referring to the subsequent colouring which some of the pictures underwent; none of them, however, afford any clue as to the original method of their production. But a little later, and after the alarm was taken by the artists, we find a talk of granting Edginton a Government pension. This fell through because of a curious autograph letter of Matthew Boulton's which has been fortunately found. In this letter, officially addressed to the Minister, he claims for himself the discovery of the process on account of which Edginton's annuity had been contemplated; he intimates his knowledge that the grant was only intended to ensure the discontinuance of the process, suggests that he could arrange this in a much more certain way, and concludes his letter with a strong hint that he is open to be dealt with. Whatever ensued as the result of this letter, it seems very clear that the production of the pictures was thenceforward discontinued.

Here the evidence comes to an end so far as regards these curious paper pictures, and the silvered plates which the highest authorities refer to about the year 1791. In this same year, Thomas Wedgwood, son of the famous potter, was certainly at work on photography, as is shown by his bills and orders for apparatus and chemicals. At the meeting of the Photographic Society there was exhibited, side by side with the above-mentioned metal plates, a photograph of a neatly-laid breakfast table, taken upon paper by Wedgwood, and the information about it tended to the conclusion that it also was done in the year 1791. Thus far we have written the history of this curious discovery in accordance with the evidence laid before the Photographic Society; but still there are many links wanting before it can be taken as proved that the pictures found at Soho were produced by photography. If it shall be shown that they were so produced, then it will also be established that at that time photographic feats were done which we cannot now-a-days accomplish. For it has been proved by chemical analysis that these pictures do not contain a trace of silver, and must therefore, if of photographic origin, have been produced by some process that has been lost to us. That an art promising such great results should have been suffered to die out, is in itself curious in these days of diffusion of knowledge; but still more remarkable is the double coincidence existing between the independently produced metal and paper photographs of Boulton and Wedgwood in 1791, and of Daguerre and Fox Talbot in 1839.

#### THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WINTER CONCERTS.

THE pleasantest part of the musical season for those who look to what, rather than whom, they hear, is now commencing. The London public is now modestly regaled with three or four concerts every week, instead of as many every morning and evening. There is no longer the trouble of selecting among many rival attractions, with perhaps the vexation of finding your trouble lost through the favourite singer who lured you from your home having promised to be in more than one place at once, and throwing you over without ceremony. But if there is not the *embarras des richesses* which London possesses during the spring and summer, there is still a sufficient supply of pleasing artists, and we can consider rather what is going to be sung or played than who is to do it. Novelty, too, has some chance of being heard when singers can afford to spend a little time in study and rehearsal—a thing quite out of the question in the season, when every hour is taken up in singing their old stock pieces. To those, therefore, with whom music is a taste and a pleasure, and not a fashion, the commencement of the Monday Popular Concerts is a real satisfaction. These entertainments are now fairly free of the excitement always attendant upon new schemes, and which often bolsters up for a time what had much better meet at once with its proper fate. Five years, however, must certainly have worn out the patience of those who attended only because they thought it the correct thing, and the curiosity of those who care only for what is new. The audiences, Mr. Chappell assures us, were last season more numerous than ever, and they must represent a public to whom this entertainment specially appeals, and by whom it has been and will be consistently supported. That this support has been honestly earned no one can deny. It is the vice of too many schemes, especially musical ones, to set out with a flourish of the largest trumpets, and to finish with a very contemptible penny whistle. This has not been the case with the Monday Popular Concerts. The original plan has been fairly and faithfully adhered to, and no piece of music not belonging to the class originally marked out has, for the sake of a momentary popularity, been introduced into the programme. Owing to this uni-

formity, the lover of chamber music may enter St. James's Hall any Monday evening with the certainty, even if ignorant of the programme, that he will hear a couple of quartets, a violin solo, and a piece for the pianoforte, the works of the best composers, executed by the best artists then in London. He will find these more solid pieces pleasantly relieved by two or three songs well sung—the whole entertainment not wearying by its length, a point too often neglected by the caterers for the musical public. As long as the system hitherto adopted is pursued, we should be very sorry to observe any falling-off in the audiences at St. James's Hall on the Monday evenings, for, were such the case, it would prove that the congratulations which the British public has so often received upon its advance in musical taste were somewhat, if not entirely, premature. With Mr. Chappell's remarks, in his opening address, as to absolute novelties in chamber music, we cordially agree. Recollecting how completely the chamber music of the great masters was a sealed book to the general public before the establishment of these concerts, some years must necessarily elapse before the ample stock left us by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr can become familiar to any one who hears but two pieces once a week for eight months in the year. When any musical genius suddenly bursts upon us, and comes to Mr. Chappell with a good quartet, it will be time enough to consider whether we should change our old lamps for new; but, as the world of composers is at present constituted, any such change could scarcely be more successful than was that of Aladdin's princess.

The programme of last Monday commenced with one of Beethoven's earlier quartets, which has been heard before at the Popular Concerts. The novelty, however, was the violinist, M. Lotto. This gentleman has won considerable reputation during the past summer and autumn, at the Crystal Palace and Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts, as a player with great facility in execution, but Monday was the first occasion on which he has been heard as the leader of a quartet. He showed great feeling and taste in his delivery of the phrases of the quartet, but there is somewhat of thinness in his tone, which he may perhaps overcome, and his intonation is not altogether faultless. It was, however, in Bach's chaconne, with which the second part opened, that he was most successful, and fairly raised the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm. This was throwing down the gauntlet to Herr Joachim, who introduced these solos for the violin by Bach last year; and, in justice to M. Lotto, it must be owned that the result justified the venture. He has certainly neither the full tone nor the breadth of style which distinguishes the Hungarian violinist, but in neatness of execution and in clear development of the variations he quite equals Herr Joachim. The occasional lapses in tune which we noticed in M. Lotto's playing of the quartet had entirely disappeared in the chaconne. The chaconne was accompanied on the piano with a part written by Mendelssohn, but, being unanimously redemanded, M. Lotto substituted a prelude of Bach's without accompaniment. This piece, a *moto perpetuo* of immense difficulty, was even better played than the chaconne, and by his performance of it M. Lotto assured the audience of the Popular Concerts that the first violin will, as long as he holds the bow, be in competent hands. There were two pianoforte pieces, each by Beethoven, with M. Charles Hallé as the executant. The sonata is remarkable as being the first instance of the employment of "recitative" in a pianoforte sonata, and it is quite as passionate as that styled "paterica." The piece in the second part consisted of three numbers from a series of short pieces known as *Bagatelles*. In these Beethoven has shown that he could write trifles quite as well as the grander works by which he is known. We have more than once pointed out what a mine of music admirably fitted for amateurs is to be found amongst the works of those whom many people persist, from mere habit, in calling heavy. Nothing is better fitted to turn them from their prejudices than listening to these *Bagatelles*. Short, full of melody and playfulness, and not too difficult, they seem especially intended for those who have not the skill to master or the patience to listen to more elaborate and drier music. So pleased were the audience with the last of the three selected by Mr. Hallé, that, like Oliver Twist, they called for more; and, unlike him, they got it, in the shape of another of the *Bagatelles*, as fresh and melodious as the three he had already played. Miss Banks and Mr. Winn were the singers, and the lady introduced a new song by Mr. Benedict, not destined, we think, to much popularity. This concert was quite up to the mark of former ones, and is the prelude, we sincerely hope, to another successful season.

While the Monday Popular Concerts have thus welcomed back the lovers of instrumental chamber music, Mr. Henry Leslie has commenced the ninth season of the meetings of his choir, which affords the best part-singing to be heard in London. The attractions, however, of unaccompanied part-singing do not seem so great as those of instrumental music, since the programmes appear to require an extra fillip of some sort—now a great singer, now a great instrumentalist, and sometimes both—to bring an audience together. On the present occasion the choir was assisted by Signor Piatti, Herr Pauer, and Madame Sherrington; and as Mr. Leslie chose the 4th of November, the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, for his opening night, he selected a programme from the works of the last of the great composers, and called his concert a Mendelssohn Commemoration. We think there was in this a little clap-trap unworthy of Mr. Leslie's position and the undoubted merit of his choir. Of course a society can only commemorate a

composed means, contribute the work introduced seem, in which memorat rather an light, b brilliant title. In part, ho the sopr consider are exha ing. In ing and condemn One gets and the for the I credit for "Hear who fir ment," vocal pi solo in the Herr P which i program as a gen therefore and "N ever, as concert and Mr tions, so for.

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\* Sep en ordi Cuvre



composer by executing such of his works as are adapted to their means, and, if they keep to that, they may honestly give their tribute of admiration by devoting one evening entirely to the works of the man whose memory they would celebrate. The introduction of other elements, however, made the performance seem like a Commemoration, not by Mr. Leslie's choir, but in which they were to assist; and, of course, a general commemoration of Mendelssohn without an orchestra would be rather an absurdity. Perhaps it did not occur to the choir in this light, but it certainly had the appearance of giving a pseudo-brilliance to an ordinary concert by decking it with a specious title. The concert itself was good of its kind. The lady part, however, of the choir wants strengthening, especially the sopranos. The male voices are extremely good and sing with considerable delicacy, but we do not think that all choral effects are exhausted by an alternation of pianissimo and fortissimo singing. In a solo singer we call such singing as consists only of bawling and whispering tricky; and there is no reason why what is condemned in the solo singer should be extolled in the chorus. One gets to long for a few bars delivered midway betwixt the whisper and the shout. The psalm "Judge me not," written in eight parts for the Berlin Choir, was very well done, and Mr. Leslie may take credit for having made it generally known. This and another psalm, "Hear my Prayer" (associated with the memory of Jenny Lind, who first introduced it into England), with its exquisite last movement, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove," were the most substantial vocal pieces of the entertainment. Madame Sherrington sang the solo in this psalm, and also two other songs; and Signor Piatti, with Herr Pauer, played the sonata in B flat for the violoncello, which in itself was alone worth going to hear. Occasionally, a programme exclusively devoted to one composer is interesting, but as a general rule we believe music gains by contrast, and we are not, therefore, much in favour of the "Commemorations," "Festivals," and "Nights," which are used to attract the public. As far, however, as Mr. Leslie's choir was concerned, they gave a pleasant concert of Mendelssohn's music. The Sacred Harmonic Society and Mr. Martin's Society begin immediately their winter operations, so that musical London will soon again be sufficiently cared for.

## REVIEWS.

## MÉMOIRES DES SANSON.\*

FOR rather more than a year one of the strangest books of our generation has been in the course of publication at Paris, and it is now just completed. It is a book in six handsome volumes, containing the memoirs of the family of Sanson, which supplied executioners to the town of Paris for 159 years. The office passed during the whole of this time in regular succession from father to son, and went out of the family at last chiefly because the present author had only daughters. We live in an age when curiosities of all sorts are rapidly passing away, but certainly the presence in such a city as Paris of a quasi-hereditary executioner, the living depositary of the traditions of such scenes as the execution of Damians and Count Horn, to say nothing of the Reign of Terror, was about as strange a curiosity as could well be imagined. The memoirs themselves are perhaps even more singular than the facts of which they relate the history. The last of the Sansons writes very good French in the modern style. He is a convert to all the modern anti-capital-punishment theories, and has evidently caught the style of French sensation novelists. A lover carries off his mistress on horseback in a storm—"Il se passionna dans la nuit comme un groupe de spectres qu'emporte un tourbillon." Scenes of professional robbers talking *argot* are introduced which read just like bits of the *Mystères de Paris* or *Les Misérables*. In a word, the book is the natural product of an age of feuilletons. Notwithstanding this blemish, which is a great one, the tone of the work is by no means bad. It is neither vulgar nor, even when the topics to be dealt with are in the last degree repulsive, is it disgusting. It is the work of a man of feeling and education, who obviously respects himself, and who has a genuine feeling of disgust in thinking of the functions which he himself discharged for nearly a quarter of a century, and which his ancestors had discharged since 1688.

The founder of the Sanson family was a certain Sanson de Longval, who was, as his descendant declares, a *gentilhomme* by birth, and highly connected. He lived in Normandy in the middle of the seventeenth century, and was in early life a sailor, and afterwards an officer in the army. In giving an account of his adventures his descendant falls into the regular novel style—so much so that it is hardly unfair to assume that some professional novelist has given him a helping hand. The story of Sanson de Longval is not worth repeating. It is made up of a variety of unpleasing incidents about his brother's widow and an executioner's daughter, the last of whom he marries on condition of adopting her father's business. He started in his profession at Rouen, whence he was promoted to Paris, where he lived in a good deal of splendour for many years. If the present M. Sanson is right—and he can hardly be wrong—the original position of the executioners of Paris was marvellous. They had various rights in the nature of import duties on the

goods sold in the markets of Paris. The most important of these was the *droit de hante*, or right to take a handful of flour from every sack brought in for sale. This right was worth at one time as much as 60,000 livres a year. It is remarkable that one of precisely the same character existed till quite lately in Scotland, where the hangman was called the lockman, from the lock or bowl in which the meal was taken. With his *droit de hante* and a considerable number of assistants who did the coarser parts of the work, Sanson de Longval appears to have lived in a sort of semi-feudal state, his tranquillity being disturbed only by the occasional obligation of beheading a noble, or superintending the process of breaking on the wheel some more vulgar criminal. At last he died, and his son Charles Sanson reigned in his stead.

Charles Sanson was of a pious and retiring disposition. He had a very handsome house, a large garden, a large income, and, except on execution days, not very much to do. Indeed, he and all his family filled up their time by an unauthorized practice of surgery and medicine. Their historian observes that Sanson de Longval first set the fashion, thinking that the number of dead bodies which came under his care afforded an excellent opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of anatomy. "We have preserved from him," says his descendant, "curious observations on the play of the muscles and joints, and several recipes against affections of this part of the frame." Charles Sanson, however, had hideous interruptions to his pursuits. He had to break on the wheel Count Horn, who murdered the Jew in the Rue Quincampoix during the South Sea excitement. He had also to perform the same office for the famous robber Cartouche and his band. Cartouche was a sort of Parisian Robin Hood, who, by means of ingenious robberies spiced with a dash of audacious wit, had obtained, not merely fame, but something not altogether unlike a kind of popularity. His fate, and that of his followers, are horrible illustrations of the barbarity of the old French law. He was broken on the wheel, after being frightfully tortured, and several of his companions met with the same fate. It is remarkable that, after going through the torture—which one would have supposed was the hardest trial of all—these poor wretches made a whole series of confessions, with no other object than that of putting off their death during the short time occupied in making them. In consequence of these disclosures, between 200 and 300 persons were arrested, all of whom, if we rightly understand M. Sanson, were punished, many being either hung or broken on the wheel.

In 1726 Charles Sanson died, and was succeeded by his son Jean Baptiste, who at the time was only seven years old. His mother, however, made interest for him, and succeeded in having him appointed to his father's place. As he could not perform the duties of the office personally, he was brought up, whenever an execution took place, to look on and legalize the proceedings, which were conducted by people hired for the purpose. As M. Sanson remarks, he was too young to keep a journal, and therefore nothing but traditions of his impressions survive. Considering that these impressions relate to scenes of the most exquisite torture, prolonged sometimes over several hours, he certainly must have had the strangest education that ever fell to a child's lot. It is difficult to the imagination to realize the fact that, within a hundred and forty years, it was considered impossible in Paris to have a man properly broken on the wheel unless a little child of seven years old stood by to see it done decently and in order. In 1754 Jean Baptiste was struck by paralysis at the age of thirty-five, and it may be charitably hoped that the terrible scenes in which his early life had been passed had something to do with it. This was a fortunate deliverance for him, for in 1757 an incident occurred which may be considered as the culminating point of the old system of executions, and as the most shameful and horrible scene that has in modern times disgraced a civilized country by public authority. This was the execution of Damians. He appears to have been a half-rogue, half-madman, and, partly from excitement, partly from a prurient love of crime, he inflicted a wound on Louis XV. which might have been serious if he had used the large blade of his knife instead of the small one. For this offence he was first frightfully tortured at Versailles itself. The *garde des sceaux* having, as soon as he was arrested, amused himself by heating the tongs red hot and pinching his legs with them, he was then strapped down on a mattress in the Conciergerie in such a way that he could hardly move hand or foot for nearly two months. After this, he was put to the torture of the boot, and at last his hand was burnt with sulphur, while the fleshy parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and the wounds scalded with melted lead, wax, sulphur, and resin. Finally, he was quartered by four horses, the whole operation lasting for about three hours in broad daylight in the most public part of Paris.

This part of the story was sufficiently familiar long ago. But M. Sanson gives it from the executioner's point of view. The proper person to execute the sentence was a certain Gabriel Sanson, who was the Court executioner—a species of sinecure which for this once became an insupportable burden. Gabriel was altogether incompetent to do the work, and had to get his nephew, Charles Henry, the son of Jean Baptiste, to help him. Charles Henry was only seventeen, but he appears to have been equal to the occasion. He got together his staff, one of whom was an old torturer, who in his youth had heard, as a tradition of his family, all the details of the execution of Ravillac. They contrived between them to go through the business. M. Sanson tells the story with hideous accuracy. He knows the names of all the assistants, one of whom got drunk before the execution

\* *Sept Générations d'Exécuteurs, 1688-1847. Mémoires des Sanson mis en ordre, rédigés, et publiés par H. Sanson, Ancien Exécuteur des Hautes Œuvres de la Cour de Paris. 6 vols. 1862-3.*

began, and failed to bring the proper materials, whilst another undertook the most horrible part of the task for a special fee of 100 livres. Gabriel Sanson resigned his office in his nephew's favour, and the nephew himself thus began a career which has given his name as unenviable an immortality as has fallen to the lot of almost any human creature who was not a positive criminal. He was the Sanson of the Reign of Terror.

Before arriving at this eminence, he passed through a variety of strange experiences. He and his father, Jean Baptiste, who came forward on that occasion only, beheaded the famous Lally De Tollendal. M. Sanson works up the story of the execution into a romance. Lally, when a young man, he says, happened with a party of friends to lose his way, and was taken in by Jean Baptiste Sanson, who that night gave him marriage supper. After the ball, having learnt his host's name, Lally asked to see the tools of his trade, and had his fancy greatly taken by a particular sword with which Sanson promised, in case of need, to behead him. Thirty-five years afterwards he was beheaded accordingly. The old man came with the intention of merely looking on, but the young Charles Henry having made a false stroke which inflicted only a wound, the old man seized the sword and cut off Lally's head with his own hand. The present M. Sanson says that his grandfather told him this story. There is a difficulty in point of dates about it which makes the whole matter suspicious. Jean Baptiste Sanson, we are told, was seven years old when his father died in 1726. He was therefore born in 1719. But Lally was beheaded in 1766, and if Sanson's marriage took place thirty-five years before—namely, in 1731—he must have been married at the early age of twelve. This makes a considerable hole in the fidelity of M. Sanson's traditions.

Soon after executing Lally, Charles Henry Sanson had to execute the Chevalier De la Barre, who was supposed to have been guilty of profanity at Abbeville. A crucifix had been disfigured, and as it was proved that De la Barre had on another occasion passed a procession without taking off his hat, he appears to have been made responsible. He showed wonderful courage at his execution, refusing even to kneel down, and Sanson, to make up for his mistake in the case of Lally, cut off his head so neatly that it did not fall for the first moment. The execution of La Barre was one of the last of the old aristocratic executions. Several others which took place before the French Revolution are referred to by M. Sanson, but they are not interesting except for their horror, and the history of the crimes which led to them is thrown into a quasi-romantic shape. He gives a long account, for instance, of the last occasion on which the punishment of the wheel was employed. A young man who had killed his father—as he said by accident, as the Court found by design—was sentenced to undergo this punishment at Versailles in 1788. The mob rescued him, and burnt the wheel and the scaffold on the spot. One of their number is represented as observing very appropriately to Sanson, "*Laissons l'enfer au bon Dieu.*" The wonder is how so hideous a spectacle was ever permitted. The description of it makes the blood run cold. The criminal's arms and legs were smashed in eight places with a heavy iron bar, he received a ninth blow over the chest, and was then laid over a wheel placed horizontally on the scaffold till he died. This punishment was horribly common. It was, for some strange reason, the favourite punishment of the Parliament of Paris, and when they decided on appeals from inferior jurisdictions, the common result, if we are to believe M. Sanson, was the substitution of the wheel for the gallows.

Such, up to the time of the Revolution, were the official duties of the Parisian executioners. Their descendant gives a singular picture of their private life. Jean Baptiste Sanson was very fond of anatomy, and had a great practice amongst both rich and poor, of whom, as his great grandson observes, the first paid him very handsomely, whilst the others received advice gratis. He was a very busy man. There was a good deal of correspondence about provincial executions, and, as he was at the head of his profession, all the young country executioners used to come to his house as pupils before entering on their own professional careers. The executioners formed a kind of clan; for obvious reasons they intermarried almost exclusively amongst each other. Jean Baptiste had a large family, and his sons became executioners in every part of France. They used to come home at Christmas, and in order to avoid the difficulties which arose from the variety of Christian names, the servants (who were assistant executioners) spoke of them as M. de Strasbourg, M. d'Orleans, &c., the head of the family or caste being "*M. de Paris.*"

Jean Baptiste Sanson was a good deal reduced from the splendour of his ancestors in the matter of money. His ancient *droit de harée* was commuted for sixteen thousand livres a year, very irregularly paid. At one time he received from the Regent fifty thousand livres in Law's notes. These were the greenbacks of the period. "I have them still," says M. Sanson, "in the pocket-book where they were put at the end of the audience." M. Sanson's own recollections of the vestiges of the old régime in which he and his ancestors played so singular a part are exceedingly curious. He recollects an old man, called Chesneau, who gave him a gun in 1803, and who was then a sort of pensioner at large in the family house of M. de Paris. This old man had been a servant of the Comte de Charolais, who laboured (falsely according to M. Sanson) under the imputation of having shot a tiler to amuse himself, and of having been pardoned by Louis XV., with the pleasing observation that a pardon was ready for any one who liked to assassinate the Comte de Charolais. From the service of the Comte de Charolais, he

passed successively into those of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., whom he served as a gunmaker. In the course of his career, Sanson cured him of a wound caused by the bursting of a gun; and when his last master was turned out of house and home by the Revolution, M. Chesneau betook himself to his old friend the executioner. By way of paying for his board, he made him all sorts of handsome arms, and at last took to grinding the knife of the guillotine, and setting its grooves to rights. He thought the least he could do for his old friends was to have their heads cut off promptly and smoothly. "*Tuez-les,*" he said to the servants, "*puisqu'on vous y force, mais ne les massacrez pas.*"

The luxurious and patriarchal position of the old executioners passed away, like other picturesque but cumbrous institutions, after the Revolution; but, for about two years, the Sanson family were put into such a position as no people ever occupied before in a civilized country. Charles Henry Sanson kept a journal during the Reign of Terror, of which his grandson, who well remembers him, has republished the greater part. There is a dreadful sameness about it which is not unimpressive. Day after day comes a long list of persons—some known to all the world, others completely obscure—whom he and his assistants put to death by tens, by twenties, and at last by fifties at a time. Some of the scenes which he describes, such as the execution of the King, and those of Charlotte Corday, the Girondins, Danton, and Robespierre, are matters of history, but a few are less well known. Perhaps the most singular is the account of the execution of the magistrates of the old Parliament of Paris, from whom for nearly forty years Sanson had taken his orders. He was, he says, horrified at what he had to do, and at the dignified courage of the sufferers. One venerable old President encouraged him in his task:—"*Faites, la loi même injuste est toujours la loi.*" The particular men were no doubt worthy of pity and respect, but the thought of their own sentences, the wheel, the pincers, and the torture-chamber, recalls other recollections. There is something very impressive in their destruction by the very man who had at their bidding performed such indescribable cruelties. Of all the revolutionary executions, those of Fouquier Tinville and Hebert perhaps inspire the most disgust. The brutal ferocity of the first ruffian and the contemptible cowardice of the second are illustrations of the capacity of human nature for infamy which will hardly be surpassed.

After finishing his grandfather's journal, M. Sanson comes down to his father's and his own experiences. They are not very impressive—indeed, they take the form of short notices of the most remarkable crimes of the first half of the present century. To do M. Sanson justice, they are not at all prurient. He obviously has a genuine hatred for capital punishments, and feels real disgust at having been so long concerned in them. Personally, both he and his father were little more than sinecurists. Their business was to be present at executions, and to give the signal for the fall of the knife; but they never even ascended the scaffold themselves, so that there was nothing menial in their occupation. It is not surprising that in course of time it should have occurred to the Government that 400*l.* a year was a high salary to pay to a man who did absolutely nothing except nod to his servant to pull a cord; and in the year 1847 the last of the Sansons—much to his delight, as he says, and as we can readily believe—laid down for ever the position of M. de Paris, which he and his ancestors had held for nearly 160 years.

The *Mémoires des Sanson* are intended by their author to furnish an argument against capital punishments, but they add nothing to a very old controversy. They prove abundantly that an execution is a very dreadful thing, but that is the case for the other side. We do not hang people to please them. If an execution was not horrible, it would not be worth while to have executions. The only arguments in the book, if they can be so called, consist in dwelling upon the old phrases about the sacredness of human life. One of the strongest reasons for upholding capital punishments is that they are a practical protest against a monstrous absurdity, which these words, as generally used, assert. They are a protest against the notion that mere animal existence has anything specially sacred about it; and they emphatically assert the true doctrine, that many other things are much more important, and that, if a man cannot behave himself with moderate inoffensiveness in this world, he ought to be turned out of it. What would have been the good of keeping a man like Palmer or Rush, or like the assassin Lacenaire, whom M. Sanson executed, locked up for life in some dungeon? He is much better dead. There is a limit of atrocity, after passing which it may fairly be said that a man has had his chance, and shown himself a public evil unfit to be tolerated any longer. To hang him, or cut off his head, and have done with him, is a much better way of recognising this fact than to shut him up, perhaps for thirty or forty years, in a cell where he can do nothing worth doing. It may be said he could repent. For aught we know, he can do that just as well elsewhere. We can hardly suppose that the justice and mercy of God depend upon the acts of man. At all events he is not fit for this world, and it is with this world that we are concerned, and for it and its interests that our laws ought to be made. To admit that mere animal life, mere physical existence, is so sacred a thing that it ought in no case to be taken away, that it is in no degree dependent upon human conduct, is to fly in the face of all the analogies of nature, and to admit a doctrine which is fundamentally base and cowardly.

M. Sanson constantly dwells on the inconsistency which he says exists between the popular contempt for executioners and the legalization of capital punishments. Why despise a man for

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discharging a lawful and necessary act? The answer is plainness itself. Executioners are despised, not for doing a lawful and necessary act, but for choosing for their profession a way of life which can please no one but a brute; and every one is presumed to like his profession. An execution is a necessary and righteous act, but it is a dreadful one, and it is rendered necessary by the humiliating fact that human nature is very far gone from righteousness. It is also an act which requires no remarkable gifts, either mental or bodily, and which is free from all risk. Hence, if a person voluntarily makes his living by hiring himself out to perform these acts, it is impossible not to have a low opinion of him. No one in England thinks the worse of a sheriff for putting to death, by his paid agent, a man convicted of murder; for he is bound by his oath, and compelled by the law of the land, to do so. No one ought to blame him if he did it himself, supposing that no agent was to be found; and, in fact, no one thinks of blaming soldiers or sailors who take part in a military execution. But where a man chooses for money to undertake such a duty, he can hardly complain if the public at large think that he shows a degraded character. M. Sanson's own book shows conclusively that his family did so for generations. His own reason for adopting the profession was, he says—no doubt truly—that he wished to please his father, who would have felt that, if his son refused the office, he would show disrespect to those who had held it. All that can be said is, that the father asked the son to sacrifice himself, and that the son did so; but how could the public know anything of that? With the elder Sansons—with Jean Baptiste, or rather with his mother, and with Charles Henry—the place was obviously an object of ambition, and it would not be easy to persuade any reasonable person to doubt that the high pay attached to the place had as much to do with this as more sentimental reasons. The true inference from M. Sanson's book is that, like many other French institutions, the institution of executioners was monstrously absurd. The English plan is obviously the right one. Compel the sheriff to execute all judgments, and leave him to provide for details.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the old French criminal law was so horribly cruel that no one who voluntarily associated himself with the worst part of its cruelties can escape a certain share of blame. This, no doubt, bears on the judges as well as on the executioner; but they had other functions to discharge of the highest importance, and calling for the exercise of the highest powers. The executioner had only to mangle and torture living creatures as a wild beast might have mangled them. The morals of one age are not those of another, but it is hard to acquit entirely the man who lived by breaking people on the wheel. Even those who accepted an office of which it was one of the duties to cause people to be broken on the wheel, after being horribly tortured, stand in a rather questionable position. There is a point at which the fact that a system exists does not excuse those who work it. If a general ordered a soldier to shoot prisoners of war in cold blood, it would be hard to excuse the soldier, and the old French penal law came unpleasantly near the line. The same, indeed, may be said of some of our own laws. It would not be pleasant for a man to think, in old age or on a dying bed, that he had in his youth contributed, as a barrister or as a judge, to the execution of a number of poor wretches for shoplifting or sheep-stealing. As to the Reign of Terror, it is surely not unjust to say that a man of the proper stamp would have said, "No earthly power shall make me the agent of your infernal butcheries. Exterminate me and mine if you will, but I will have neither part nor lot in the guilt of your den of assassins." A man is not to be blamed for not being a hero, but neither is he to be praised for it. Charles Henry Sanson had the opportunity of doing an act of heroism of no common order. He thought of it, his grandson tells us, his wife urged him to it, and he shrank from it for the sake of his son. It may be doubted whether his grandson ought to thank him, though no one who has not been tried has the right to condemn him.

#### BACON'S ESSAYS.\*

THE careful and convenient edition of Lord Bacon's *Essays* which Mr. Wright has contributed to the *Golden Treasury* series has this special advantage, that it will enable a class of readers who have not the means of using the larger and more elaborate editions of Bacon's works to study, to a certain extent, the process by which one of the most famous books in the English language grew to its present shape. The traces of this process, in any considerable work, are always interesting and often instructive; but in the case of most great productions they are irrecoverably lost. The *Essays* we can partially follow, through more than one stage, from their early to their completed form. They were first published in 1597, and Mr. Wright has given a reprint of this their original shape. Only ten of the fifty-eight appeared in the first collection. The *Essays*, as they now stand, occupy, in Mr. Wright's edition, 241 pages; while the first draught, printed in the same type, only fills 19 pages. They seem, as we commonly know them, to be the last achievement of rigorous and pregnant brevity; a couple of short pages is in many cases their limit. But we see, in the original edition of them, how they admit of being pared down and compressed in bulk, and yet keep their shape and substance. The ten original *Essays* still remain

part of the collection as we have it; and the leading thoughts, the nerve and muscle, of each are the same. But the first draught was of even more severe conciseness than what we are familiar with as models of brevity; and all that we have now of illustration or ornament, by quotation or example or expansion, was added by interpolation as the collection grew. The original *Essays* are printed in chapters, as if they were part of a connected discourse; and a thread of connexion may be perceived in them. They are heads of advice, teaching a man how to furnish himself and prepare for taking a part in civil business and public life, and for his conduct in it. The first and second chapters are on "Study" and "Discourse"—the best way of gaining knowledge and of improving and applying it by contact with other minds. Then comes a chapter on "Ceremonies and Respect"—that is, on manners and behaviour; then one on "Friends and Followers," and on "Suitors"—the necessary supports and accompaniment of a public part; and this is followed by "Expense" and "Health," regarded as the necessary means for enabling a man to fulfil his purposes in public life. Next we have a chapter on "Honour and Reputation," the result or object of such a life; and finally, two chapters on "Faction" and on "Negotiating"—the elementary conditions under which the game of public life is played, and the instruments of the play. Mr. H. Taylor once wrote at greater length such a book of connected counsels, which he called the *Statesman*. If, however, Bacon had such a scheme in the arranging of these short chapters, he did not adhere to it; and in the subsequent editions they were dispersed at random among other *Essays*, and their connected character lost.

Bacon speaks of them, in the letter of dedication to his brother, as "fragments of his conceits" which, having "passed long ago from his pen," had become current in manuscript, and which he published to prevent their being published by others imperfectly or unfaithfully. He does as "some that have an orchard ill-neighbour, and gather their fruit before it is ripe, to prevent stealing." Bacon really slighted nothing that he thought or wrote, but he speaks of these *Essays* as something which needed an apology for printing in their then shape. He "disliked putting them out, because they will be like the late new half-pence, which, though the silver were good, yet the pieces were small;" but as they "would not stay with the master, but must needs travel abroad," he will at least have them printed in his own fashion. In this humble, hesitating way, in the stiffest and most sententious severity, without any of the richness and abundance and play of fancy found in their later development, appeared the first sketch and germ of the *Essays*. Fifteen years later, the second edition was published. The book was changed from its first form, and had become much what it is as we have it. The original ten *Essays*, slightly enlarged, were incorporated with a new and much larger collection, more miscellaneous in character, and fuller in treatment. Just before his death, some thirteen years later, Bacon finally published the *Essays* in their ultimate shape, with some twenty new ones, and considerable additions to some of the old ones. He speaks of this edition, in the dedication to Buckingham, as a "new work." But the great change was between the first and the second forms of the book. In the second edition, the limited field and scope of the first—a plan of directions for the guidance of public life—was exchanged for a larger range of observations on human character and human interests generally.

Mr. Wright's careful comparison of the successive texts of the *Essays* enables us to see how they are gradually built up. Bacon took great care that his thoughts should not be lost or wasted. He was thrifty in saving them, and putting them by, and hoarding them up. Aubrey, in a passage quoted by Mr. Wright, describes how he took measures to have his nascent thoughts caught and recorded:—

Hobbes of Malmesbury (says Aubrey) was much beloved by his Lordship, who was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate; and when a notion darted into his mind, Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his Lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him, for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.

We have specimens of the way in which these detached thoughts were preserved—in some cases thrown, perhaps for the sake of ensuring their greater distinctness, into terse Latin—in the "Antitheta" and "Apophthegms," and the "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," which are found among his works. And in those we come on the germs and much of the raw material of the *Essays*, and can trace the substance of a thought passing through its various shapes till it finds its fittest and final place. Thus one of the most striking of the shorter *Essays*, that on "Innovations," is found almost complete, in the condition of separate but highly-finished Latin apophthegms, in a section of the "Antitheta." And in this way the *Essays* grew. As new thoughts arose, they were worked into the pithy and concentrated form which Bacon loved, and then, as occasion served, fitted into the framework of the older *Essays*. Bacon was not a writer who feared to repeat himself, and he had his favourite thoughts, which he worked upon again and again, as if trying to find the shape of them which he liked best. Thus, in the *Essay* on "Studies," which formed one of the original ten of the first edition, we find, in the later forms of it, besides incidental touches and illustrations, passages which had already been employed in the *Advancement of Learning*. So the second shape of the *Essay* on "Ceremonies" had incorporated with it, at the end, a passage on formality of mind and habits which had been used in the *Advancement of Learning*, with the same quotation

\* *Bacon's Essays, and Colours of Good and Evil*. With Notes and Glossarial Index. By W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

and the same illustration, but which in the Essay is expressed in still fewer words and with more condensed force. Bacon did not erase or change much. The long Essay on "Friendship," in the last edition, which takes the place of a shorter one in the second edition, is, we believe, the only instance of his entirely putting aside one and substituting another. What he did was, for the most part, to add; to intersperse amidst the old matter new points—proverbs, instances, quotations, qualifications; to relieve the stiffness of a rule in the abstract by some touch of humour or of real life, or to expand one of his earlier statements by means of the practical comments upon it which his later experience had gathered. Some of his most easy and least-constrained sayings—phrases and sentences which light up the context of an Essay—are among these later insertions.

Bacon's Essays have affected and coloured English thought in the same way as the maxims and moralizings of Shakespeare have done. It has been one of those books which raised in the first instance, and have kept up since in the public mind, the general level of observation and feeling about all matters of human interest. Its great use has been even less for the more powerful minds than for the average class of intelligent readers. Ever since it has been a popular book—and that is, as we know from Bacon himself, since its first appearance—it has been a standing corrective of the commonplace and superficial, or else the one-sided and extravagant, views of life and the objects of human action which this large class of mankind are apt to fall into. Prized by them, and not beyond their grasp of mind and their experience, it has been a model to them of a manner of observing things, and of reflecting on them, which never would have suggested itself spontaneously to their usual habits of thought. In the first place, it unfolded to them the deep and varied interest of what is common and familiar. Nothing is more striking or more instructive to ordinary people than to hear a man of powerful and original thought talk about things which everybody is supposed to know so well that there is nothing new to be said of them. And this is what we have in Bacon's Essays. They are about the *τὰ ἐν κοινῷ*—the things among which we live, and which make up the staple of our daily thought and work. These are trite and vulgar enough as men usually talk of them; but, without taking transcendental or imaginative views of them, Bacon goes straight to the very life and heart of his matter, and makes us see not only how much more there is to think and to say about it than we commonly suspect, but often, too, how much poetry there is in what use and prosaic business have made dull to most eyes. In the next place, he was happy in the form of his writing. The mere shortness of the Essays, when the shortness contained and suggested so much, was a great advantage. But he also set the example, and furnished the model, of writing on great subjects informally—saying as much as a man had really to say at the time, and nothing for the sake of filling up what he might be expected to say. The world was full of what he calls "just treatises," methodically elaborated, strong in some places and weak in others where the subject required to be completed, and the writer had to beat his thoughts thin to cover the space which his plan required. Bacon, pretending to want leisure, but guided by his impatience of anything short of the exact reality in thought and expression, chose rather "to write certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously." The Essays are a model—in common with all his writings, but the more valuable when regarded as a book of popular instruction—of a man saying just what he meant and wanted to say, and austere confining himself to it, even at the cost of some abruptness and incompleteness. And further, what he had to say was of a nature to deepen and enlarge the thoughts of all who could take it in, and who could be influenced by such varied interest in the features and circumstances of human life, such broad and comprehensive views of its objects, such a kindly and generous spirit of judgment, such a keen perception of the oddnesses and contradictions of men's characters and fate, breaking out at times into a severely curbed yet sharp irony, as are found in the Essays. But there are other features which perhaps even more than these form the distinction of Bacon's book. One is the seriousness of the Essays. The writer is plainly not in play. His mind is under control—not allowed to sport and indulge itself for the sake of trying its powers or the depths of things, but habitually kept to a practical aspect and confined to what is open to the test of experience. Another point is their sobriety. Their subjects might often tempt a man whose mind overflowed with thoughts and fancies, like Bacon, into extravagance and over-statement. Such were especially the faults of the brighter and bolder intellects of his day, as they were the common fashion of his times. Yet, with all his originality and freshness and vigour, there is seldom any of that straining and carrying things to extremes which were the weakness, and are now the condemnation, of many of the ablest of his contemporaries. And, lastly, the Essays are a continual training in impartiality, which, if it were not balanced by their spirit of practical earnestness, would sometimes wear the appearance of moral indifference. He constantly goes through what may be said for or against a thing with reference simply to its reasons or its advantages, and without regard to what would have to be said about it if moral considerations were introduced. He is never frightened away from seeing both sides by the prejudice which, justly or not, attaches to one of them. He discusses the uses of various kinds of "followers and friends," or the degree in which "vain glory" serves or hurts a man in public life, simply as questions of fact. But it is merely in order to clear his thoughts, and no one can mistake the indications of what his sentence would be when the time arrived for

passing a moral judgment. Men in general require to be kept in mind that there are two sides to most things, as much as that there are real moral differences between them; and possibly Bacon's manner of balancing opposite considerations may have had some effect in keeping up the notion of candour where otherwise it would have been lost.

No doubt the Essays owe something, in point of fame, to the advantage of coming first, before much was written like them, and something also to their picturesque and forcible turns of expression; and they are often, like all books of sententious wisdom, more impressive than accurate. In popularizing knowledge, the power of throwing out original and fruitful thoughts comes first; the power of seeing their need of limitations, like the power of conducting a strict yet clear course of argument, comes later. But Bacon, for his time, set very high for English readers the standard of observation and intelligent judgment on practical matters concerning human life. Less subjective than Montaigne, less warped and more large-hearted than the Italian writers who were in every one's hands and mouth—Machiavelli and Guicciardini—he showed an example of combining freedom and boldness with a serious and elevated view of life, thought with feeling, fact with poetry; and this in unpretending and fragmentary papers, without parade of learning or affectation of depth and wit. We look in vain for a book like it—so wise, so unaffected, so profound, so full of life and truth, and yet so informal and unostentatious—in the contemporary literature of Continental nations. There can be no doubt that we should have been seriously the worse off if we had been without it in England.

#### THE HISTORY OF HORSE-RACING.\*

WE cannot say that we think this book any very great accession to that branch of literature to which it belongs. There are the old quotations from Fitz-Stephen, informing us how races were run at Smithfield in the reign of Henry II. There is the wonderful legend of Firetail and Pumpkin, and the less mythical record of Quibbler's performances. All such matters, we dare say, are transferred to these pages carefully enough; but every body who takes an interest in racing has heard them all a hundred times over, whilst people for whom racing possesses no interest will look in vain for any such literary merits as made the three well-known articles in the *Quarterly Review*—on hunting, racing, and coaching—attractive to the general reader. After all, however, the one great fault of the book is, in accordance with the old proverb, its unnecessary bulk. It is stuffed out with irrelevant rubbish; and trumpery scandals, fifty years old, are discussed with wearisome minuteness. Fifteen pages are given to the history of a vulgar dispute between a profligate spendthrift, who afterwards committed suicide, and the kept mistress of a certain Colonel Thornton—a brazen-faced shrew, who, in the early part of the century, took a fancy to ride races at York and Newmarket, dressed in a purple cap and waistcoat, nankeen skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings. Even when the matter touched upon are more important and more truly connected with the subject, they are spun out in a manner which makes the book somewhat tedious to wade through. However, as the author seems to have exercised reasonable diligence in the collection of his facts, and as his style, though diffuse and careless, is straightforward and unaffected enough, the result is that parts of the book (particularly all that relates to Charles II.'s connexion with Newmarket) are worth reading. His historical learning, it is true, is not very profound. For instance, he questions the authenticity of certain articles, ordered to be observed by the King, which bear the date of 1664, on the ground that they are attributed to the 17th, instead of the 5th year of Charles's reign. When he is told—for which no very recondite learning is required—that Charles II. began to reign, according to the laws, on the 30th of January, 1649, perhaps the riddle of this Newmarket mare's nest will be solved to his satisfaction. Passing over this slip, however, his account of Charles's progresses to and from Newmarket, and the Duke of Tuscany's description of the races run there in 1669, are very amusing. We wish that the Italian prince had entered into more details; but neither he nor the author throws any light—perhaps there is no light to be thrown—upon the manner in which the English thorough-bred grew out of the imported Eastern horse.

The most interesting part of our turf history would be that included between 1600 and 1750. We want to know of what blood and of what character our race-horses were, in the days before the stud-book. The Earl of Bath, writing in 1753, speaks thus:—"The pedigree of these horses is more strictly regarded than that of a Knight of Malta. They must have no blemished quarter in their family, on either side, for many generations." However much, therefore, those three Eastern horses, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Arabian may have improved our English blood-stock, it is not with them that it originated. Long before those days the great houses—the Devonshires, the Rutlands, the Holdernesses, and the Rockinghams—did not find it impossible, "in spite of Mr. Tattersall," to breed fine horses, and to attend carefully to their pedigree from one generation to another, even though the hope of making money by them, in a contest with *ci-devant* publicans and cab-drivers, was not their determining inducement. Place's two White Turks, the D'Arcy White Turk, and the D'Arcy Yellow Turk, are among

\* *Horse-Racing; its History, and Early Records of the Principal and other Race Meetings.* London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1863.

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the earliest stud-horses of whom we have any knowledge. Now what did our ancestors mean by a Turk, as distinguished from an Arab? The author of *Horse-Racing* does not attempt to tell us. One curious fact, to which we adverted on a former occasion, is the enormous preponderance of white and grey horses found among our very earliest runners. This particular stream of blood has apparently exhausted or masked itself of late years, a grey thorough-bred being now as rare as he was common in former times. When we couple this fact with the very early introduction of White Turks into England, we should be glad to know what precise meaning our ancestors attached to the word. Mr. Disraeli, in one of his novels—*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, if we mistake not—says somewhere, "The finest horses in the world are the white horses of Anatolia." We do not know whether he says this of his own knowledge. If so, it is singular that we have not met with anybody who confirms, or even notices, his statement—the more so as he is, apparently without being aware of it, repeating the very words of Herodotus. The white Anatolian horses certainly were the finest in the world, and that at a time when the Arabs rode upon camels, and do not seem, according to the Father of History, to have been in possession of horses at all. We have sometimes fancied that it may be to this more ancient, more stately, and possibly superior race of animals that we are indebted for the original excellences of the English thorough-bred, rather than to the Arab or the Barb. The breed may have disappeared by this time, and yet have flourished in full vigour during the period of the Commonwealth. If, however, Mr. Disraeli speaks of what he actually saw, and not merely of what he read or received traditions about, it is possibly still in existence. We own that we should be glad to learn whether there is to be found anywhere in Asia Minor a white race of horses larger than the true Arab, and yet stamped with his peculiar character of blood and breeding. We say "larger than the Arab," because we cannot doubt that the ancient horses consecrated to the Sun must have been stately creatures; and, secondly, because we think that the size of our own thorough-breeds militates against the idea of their having been derived exclusively from progenitors of the Barb or Arab type. It may be said, no doubt, that they were originally small, and have been gradually fed and nurtured up into their present bulk. Perhaps so. On the other hand, Holcroft the dramatist, who was originally a stable-boy at Newmarket, gives an account of a famous match which was decided (we think in 1740) at Nottingham. The contending horses were the Duke of Devonshire's Atlas (supposed to be, according to Holcroft, the best horse out since Childers), and another famous runner called Careless. In describing the race, which Atlas won, he mentions incidentally (unless our memory plays us false) that Atlas was so named on account of his size, being upwards of seventeen hands high; but he speaks of this just as we might do, apparently regarding him as a very large horse, but not by any means as the monster which he must have been considered if compared with a cluster of Barb or Arab ponies.

Be this, however, as it may, any curiosity which we may feel as to our earlier race-horses meets with little gratification at the hands of the author of this book. For people who care to know how Chester Races can be traced back as far as 1511—how Pennant mentions that a small golden bell was the reward of victory at York in 1607 (whence was derived the proverbial phrase of bearing away the bell)—how royal plates were given and transferred from one place to another, &c., there are plenty of details, which we dare say are not without a certain historical value. But to us, who think that the principal interest of a race centres in the animals that run for it, the very meagre amount of information afforded cannot but create considerable disappointment. In point of fact, we think that one single photograph of Place's White Turk, or of Old Merlin, or of the Coffin Mare, would have been worth a cart-load of the Acts of Parliament and statistical tables with which this book is stuffed up. So little, however, does the author seem to share our feelings that, though he quotes Evelyn as having witnessed the great match between Woodcock and Flat-foot at Newmarket, he tells us nothing about either of the horses—not even which was the conqueror. Again, as to the vexed question of the superiority or inferiority of the present race-horses when compared with those of the past, he seems to have formed no opinion at all. He acquiesces alike in Mr. John Day's dictum that the breed of horses has improved very much in the last twenty years, and in the statement of the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser* that in 1773 Firetail and Pumpkin ran over the Rowley Mile in one minute and four seconds. Now, if this be true, the said Firetail would have beaten Bay Middleton—supposed to be the best race-horse of the modern class that has yet appeared, and whose most remarkable race was also over the Rowley Mile—by 400 yards at the very least. We own that, though more than most people prejudiced in favour of the older and stouter type, and believing that, in many respects, the forcing effect of modern training upon young horses has had a mischievous effect, we look upon Firetail's performance as an absolute myth. It is no doubt very puzzling to understand how our ancestors who wore watches ("Tompson's, I presume," as the polite assassin says to Young Mirabel in Farguhar's play) can have made the egregious miscalculations which they must have done. But it is still more difficult to believe that the care and art and wealth of a century and a half should have been lavished upon our blood-horses only to result in their complete degradation. It was moreover, we believe, customary in the eighteenth century to dine in the middle of the day, and then

return to the race-course. We know also how the eighteenth century was apt to dine. It is not therefore impossible that the extraordinary performances of Eclipse and Firetail, &c., may have been post-prandial gallops, greeted by a certain amount of exaggerated and hazy enthusiasm on the part of those who witnessed them.

Towards the close of the book, the author examines the question whether a man is justified in running his horses to lose as well as to win, for the purpose of deceiving lookers-on, and thereby procuring them admission into future races upon unduly favourable terms. His conclusions, we are glad to say, though by a somewhat lengthy process of reasoning, end in favour of common honesty. But that such a question should be considered open to discussion is evil enough. Among those who incline to the other side, there are honourable men who would, we are sure, refuse to mix themselves up personally in any doubtful transaction; but we cannot think that they have, in this matter, sufficiently considered what a gentleman owes, not to the people who choose to back his horses, but to himself. One cause of the confusion of thought which seems to prevail upon this subject arises, we think, from the fact that men of station and honour have suffered themselves somehow to be persuaded into adopting the theory of the racing tradesman—that the real object of keeping running horses is to make money by them. A gentleman does not, however, make money by his stud of hunters, by his yacht, by his moor in Scotland; he considers them all as means of that liberal amusement which becomes his position in life. So ought it to be with horse-racing. Its object and its reward should be the production of magnificent animals, calculated to improve the national breed of horses. If betting and the staking of money, by way of giving zest to the pursuit, are superadded, it is pardonable, though hardly desirable. But from the moment that the higher and more honourable aims connected with the turf are subordinated to a spirit of sordid avarice, horse-racing, instead of continuing one of the recreations proper to a great and wealthy aristocracy, becomes a mean and illiberal occupation with which no gentleman ought to mix himself up.

#### MY BEAUTIFUL LADY.\*

POEMS, romances, essays—those works in literature which at the same time aim at being works of art—may be looked at in two main ways, to one of which the nature of the production in itself generally directs us. It may be a work which forms a single organic whole, to the total grand result of which every chapter and stanza—nay, every sentence and line—contributes in due proportion, and to which the parts are all kept subordinate. Or, again, the sense of unity in design may be but faintly suggested, whilst the strength of the production lies in distinct passages and scenes of beauty, eloquent pages, and

Jewels five words long,

which we dwell on and enjoy as we meet them. Such a book we might compare to a picture-gallery containing masterpieces of many kinds, but not selected upon any pervading principle; whilst the other would be represented by some temple in which every bas-relief or fresco forms part of a single plan, and gains its main value by orderly combination, till all culminate in some crowning feature by which the whole is at once summed up and explained. The latter is unquestionably a work of art in a loftier sense than the former. It has more of life in it. It resembles more nearly the archetype of all human art, Nature, who shows always a closer homogeneous unity in proportion as her work rises higher in the scale of being. It leaves a clearer impression on the mind, for the sensation awakened by the details is greatly strengthened by finding them brought to a focus, as it were, in the whole. Such passages as Hamlet's "To be or not to be," the parting of Hector and Andromache, or (it is worthy to be named even with these) the chapter in the *Bride of Lammermoor* where Ravenswood first meets Lucy and the Lord Keeper, are examples. Admirable in themselves, their power as isolated scenes is small indeed compared with their effect as portions of the drama. On the other hand, works of this character have some less favourable qualities. They require a greater stress of thought on the reader's part. He must not allow himself the satisfaction of forgetting each page as he turns it; he must be content, also, to leave some parts only half understood till he can grasp their place in the author's whole design. He will be likely to miss the brilliant though unconnected effects which poetry of the less coherent kind gives us as it rambles on, and "glideth at its own sweet will," like the Thames in Wordsworth's sonnet. Nor is the aim at unity without risks to the writer. To carry it out in its fulness requires a singular force of genius. The fire within must be sufficient (if we may use the metaphor) not only to fuse each portion into shape, but to run the whole into a single figure. Again, he must have a perfect balance of mind—he must be content to sacrifice parts to the total effect; and this is an art tardily learned, unwillingly practised. It was, to take an illustrious example, never mastered by Shelley except in a few short pieces; and it is one of the most distinctive marks of genius

\* *My Beautiful Lady*. By Thomas Woolner. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

displayed by Kents, that he so rapidly passed from the formless splendours of "Endymion" to the organic and harmonious unity of "St. Agnes' Eve" and "Lamia." In a word, a poem, or play, or story which aims at being a real whole is subject to the special dangers which attend the most difficult attempts. Yet, all deductions made, if successful in this aim, it ranks at once in the higher circle of art, and will be valued in proportion to the intelligence of the reader. "Fit audience, if few," will always be its motto; although, should this be the poet's fate, he has his reward in the knowledge that, in possessing unity, his work has the pre-eminently vital quality—that the pleasure it gives will be enduring, the effect it has on the mind invigorating and healthy.

To this rare class, in its degree, belongs the poem named at the head of our paper. Mr. Woolner is, we believe, widely known as one of the very few first-rate sculptors of the day; his workmanship in marble shows uncommon truth, power, and directness of aim; and it is hence natural that similar qualities should be manifested in his poetry. *My Beautiful Lady* has abundant warmth of colouring, and many landscape details touched with vivid power; but, as a whole, we should decidedly call it a statuesque poem. It has the unity which sculpture pre-eminently aims at. It is true that poetry of any high class is in itself an art, and one hardly less arduous in its requirements than sculpture. Finished verse is as much matter of sheer practice and study as finished painting. The poet must not only "be born," but, if we may hazard the phrase, be born again, through his own strenuous devotion to truth, and music, and beauty. It is not probable that the author has, in the case before us, been able to consecrate equal leisure to both arts; and his *Beautiful Lady*, by some of those turns which show want of facility, may be ranked in that order of which English literature affords several remarkable specimens—poetry, namely, written by men who, though not professionally poets, have manifested their possession of "the vision and faculty divine" by signs unmistakable. Mr. Woolner's management of his lyrical metres, to which he has appropriately assigned the passionate portions of the drama, is peculiar. They move with an even, thoughtful pace, in harmony with the earnest purpose of the whole poem; but, to our ear at least, they are overloaded with consonants, although carefully composed, and exhibiting unusual inventiveness in their rhetorical combinations. It is curious that this comparative want of ease and flow in the rhymed stanzas should be accompanied by a truly skilful and harmonious construction of what has ordinarily been the severest *crux* to English poets—the unrhymed ten-syllable verse. In this respect the narrative portions appear to us not inferior to Wordsworth in his best moments. The language is throughout terse and animated; no words have been thrown away; and here and there we find an abruptness and straightforward quality about the phraseology, not free from obscurity at first sight, which—though familiar enough to the readers of Pindar and Dante—is likely to shock the lovers of conventionality.

The story, placed in the hero's mouth, is carried on in sections, lyrical and narrative, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Tennyson's "Maud;" although, as portions of *My Beautiful Lady* were printed some fourteen years since in an obscure periodical, the resemblance in this respect can only be fortuitous; or, rather, it is due probably to that curious desire to bring the novel into poetry, and to render poetry itself more germane to real life and its interests, which marks the earnest verse-writers of our day, in France not less than in England. The tale is absolutely simple. It is the old, old story of

The love that never found its earthly close;

timid hope, and confession, and triumph—then fear, disease, death, despair, and the final reconciliation to what has been, which Time is wont to bring to survivors; for those who can live through these things overlive them. It is curious how similar in their course and plot are almost all the love-tales of poetry; while a tragic prose-romance is the rarest of exceptions. But what distinguishes *My Beautiful Lady* is that, whilst in "Maud," for example, the passion in its gorgeous career is the main subject, in Mr. Woolner's poem the central and dominating idea to which everything converges is not the picture of the lover's feelings in success and in despair, but the final result which "the love that never found its earthly close" has in moulding the character of the lover. Love is here conceived of in its noblest and manliest aspect. It is the passion which, after its earthly object has passed from it for a while, transmutes itself, as it were, into force of heart and energy of purpose. It does not merely suffice to give the heroism of despair, which hurries the man away to seek the end of life, but the much deeper and more heroic heroism which leads him to live it out to the best of his capacities. This aspect of the passion has been celebrated, at any rate since Plato wrote his *Banquet*, in verse and prose; but we do not remember any instance hitherto in poetry where it has been made the leading idea, or has been delineated with equal firmness of grasp or clear coherence in every detail and touch throughout. But the lesson is, of course, one not learnt easily or at once; and if the tone of the poem, in its earlier portions, be thought over-solemn or gloomy, it should be remembered that a strict adherence to the development of this purpose rendered it inevitable that the stage of happy love should be briefly touched during its immediate passage—presupposed rather than fully presented—as the foundation for the sorrow and despair, and final "purification through

passion," which the writer had set himself to bring before us. Goethe has somewhere spoken of this great and emphatically manly lesson as the "doctrine of Renunciation;" and the *Beautiful Lady* might be regarded as a dramatic development and exhibition of one of the profoundest of the dark sayings of Weimar.

After this sketch of the idea of the poem, the meaning of our selections, and their place in the story, will, we think, be apparent. The first is from the Introduction:—

As from some height, on a wild day of cloud,  
A wanderer, chilled and worn, perchance beholds  
Move toward him through the landscape soaked in gloom  
A golden beam of light; creating lakes,  
And verdant pasture, farms, and villages;  
And touching spires atop to flickering flame;  
Disclosing herds of sober feeding kine;  
And brightening on its way the woods to song;  
As he, that wanderer, brightens when the shaft  
Suddenly falls on him. A moment warmed,  
He scarcely feels its loveliness before  
The light, departing, leaves his saddened soul  
More cold than ere it came.

Thus Love once shone  
And blessed my life; so vanished into gloom.

Almighty King! Could it be just  
To let her young life play  
Its easy, natural way;  
Then, with an unexpected thrust,  
Strike out the life you lent,  
Even as her feelings blent  
With those around whose love would trust  
Her willing power to bless,  
For all their happiness?  
Alone she moulders into common dust.  
No more she hears, where vines adorn  
Her windows, on the boughs  
Birds chirrup an arouse.  
Flies, buzzing, strengthening with the morn,  
She will not hear again  
At random strike the pane.  
No more on grassplot newly shorn  
With her gown's glancing hem  
Bend down the daisy's stem,  
In walking forth to view what flowers are born.

Ah, dearest! shall I never see thy face  
Again; not ever; never any more?  
I know that fancy was but naught, and one  
Born of past hope. I know thy earthly form  
Is mouldering in its tomb; but yet, O love!  
Thy spirit must dwell somewhere in this waste  
Of worlds, that fill the overwhelming heavens  
With light and motion; that could never die!  
And wilt thou not vouchsafe one beaming look  
To ease a lonely heart that beats in pain  
For loss of thee, and only thee, O Love?  
Or hast thou found in that pure life thou liv'st  
My soul was an unworthy choice for thine,  
And therefore tak'st no count of its despair?

The lady makes due reply in some fine stanzas; and in the last book of the poem, the moral of the whole is worked out. Years after, the lover casts back his glance over the earlier days, and paints many of the happy scenes of youth in the calm and mellowing tints of manly retrospect. By this bold and skilful treatment Mr. Woolner has been able to restore his work to a due balance in art; for the end of all poetry, as of all art, is pleasure. We are surprised into a happy ending. The brightness which most poets would have placed in the earlier portion is reserved for the close. The happiness which was too eagerly grasped at in youth is found again, in nobler proportions, during the years of manhood. What seemed to set as Love, rises again as Duty. Thus the current of the poem, looked at as a whole, as it were, runs contrary to the circumstances. The elevation of the leading idea is such that, as it is wrought out on the mind of the chief actor, it turns the colouring of the drama from what appeared hopeless gloom to serene and widening sunlight. This is a very remarkable *Peripeteia*, as the Greeks called it; and, carried out as it is throughout, it appears to us to justify the place which we have claimed for the poem as a work of art in the strictest sense. The closing words of the narrative, which we quote below, convey the final result; but it will be readily seen that a poem written on this severe plan can but ill be represented by extracts. It is a picture the principal effect of which is dormant till we reach the last touch, which explains and sums it up. The past passion is now spoken of as leaving an impression on the whole character like that left by some hero on his country:—

So comes my love to me; its glorious light  
Yet hovers sacredly, and guides me on  
To grander prospects, and more noble use  
Of powers entrusted me. Henceforth my soul  
Will never lack a spot whither to flee,  
When crowding evils war to shake my faith  
In righteousness, for thinking of Her life,  
Made up of gracious acts and sweet regards,  
Compassionately tender; and enshrined  
In such a form, that oft to my fond eyes  
She seemed divine, and I could scarce withhold  
My wonder, Heaven could spare Her to a world  
So stained as ours. And now, whatever come  
Of wrong and bitterness to break my strength;  
Whatever darkness fate may plunge me in;  
A ray has pierced me from the highest heaven—  
I have believed in worth, and do believe.

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## LIUDPRAND OF CREMONA.\*

THE Germans are among the few nations who understand their own early history. It may be that their present is so unsatisfactory that they are tempted to look back upon a more glorious past, whether with mere sentimental regret or in the hopes of drawing practical lessons and warnings. Neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman has the same need of looking back. France and England were never greater, according to their several notions of greatness, than they are at this moment. We may say the same of Italy. Particular Italian cities have been far greater, but Italy, as a whole, has never been so great. Switzerland and Norway have been of more weight in European affairs than they are now, but they never were so well off within their own borders. But Germany has hardly anything to do except to try how to recall the days when she was the greatest and the most united of Western Kingdoms. The early middle age is just the age which neither France nor England can understand. We are content to pass it by altogether, and to forget that we ever had any forefathers at all. France is driven to make herself a history by stealing the history of Germany. But Germany knows all about it, because it is just the age to which Germany can look back with the most pleasant recollections. We have some dim notion of King Alfred, whenever we can contrive to distinguish him from King Arthur; but it is dim indeed compared to the delight with which the German dwells on the memory of his old Kings and Emperors. On they pass, with orb and crown and sceptre, Lords of Rome and of the world, Franks, Saxons, and Swabians, under whose rule the Teutonic realm was a realm indeed. Where would be all matters about Williams and Bismarks, Austrian Reforms and Federal Executions, if one of those old Cæsars could rise from his grave, wherever French devastations have left them any graves to rise from? A people who study everything and write about everything are not likely to leave out the golden age of their own history. And they go to the fountain head. What should we say in England to a series of cheap reprints of the original texts of our own early historians *in usum scholarum*? But what must a German think of academical authorities who cannot even be made to understand that there are such things as early historians, whether German or English? Our dignitaries still slumber on in the pleasing belief that English history, as a whole, was revealed to David Hume. To look any further is almost as bad as to raise cavils about Elohistie and Jehovistic portions of the Pentateuch. A German looks at matters differently. He knows that his country once had a history, and that native historians wrote it down; he grasps the, to an Englishman, overwhelming idea that those historians may be and ought to be read; and he carries out that idea by reproducing them in a cheap and portable form, which has this result among others, that an English scholar can, if he pleases, study German history with far less cost and trouble than he can English.

The series before us—the smaller series of Pertz—is by no means a new undertaking; but it is so important, and so little known in England, that we are hardly outstepping our usual province by making some remarks upon it. The larger series of Pertz, the *Monumenta Germanie Historica*, which ever and anon still adds another stately folio to its slowly advancing ranks, is a work which ought to be in every public library, but which can hardly expect to find its way to many private shelves. The cost is enormous, and the contents are so infinite that tolerably robust scholars sometimes feel their strength fail before them. It was a bright idea to pick out a selection of the most important writers, and to reproduce them in a form which brings them within the reach of everybody. This is just the sort of thing which an English University ought to do, but which an English University will not do. But it is the sort of thing which a bookseller in a second-rate German capital will do, and we have the fruit before us.

The Germans may well be proud of their early mediæval Latin writers. Neither France nor England has anything to compare with them in their own line. We have, indeed, our vernacular Chronicle, but we have no Latin historians whom we can for a moment compare to the best of the German writers. The French series begins later, for, as long as Gaul was a province of Germany, Germany of course wrote history for both. And the French Latin writers are at no time very remarkable. The pride of France is to be found in the series of writers in her own tongue, beginning with Villehardouin and Joinville. But the value of Villehardouin and Joinville is of quite a different kind from the value of the great Latin historians of Germany. Their writings are valuable just because they are the writings not of learned ecclesiastics, but of straightforward soldiers, who put down what they themselves did, said, and felt. They are, in fact, not historians, but memoir-writers. But the best of the German chroniclers are really historians in the highest sense—historians doubtless immeasurably inferior to Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus, but still historians essentially of the same class. They were men who recorded great events from their own knowledge, and men who were not mere chroniclers, but who had read and thought enough to enter into the wonderful scenes which they beheld. They lack neither the power of graphic description, nor the power of sound and deep reflection. No age or nation need

be ashamed of producing such a narrative as Lambert gives us of the great struggle between Henry and Hildebrand, or as Otto of Freising gives us of the early campaigns of Frederick Barbarossa. And, if not reaching the same height of conception, an interest of a different kind attaches to the wail of bitter grief which the biographer of Henry IV. raises over his deposed and persecuted master, and to the fierce denunciations which Saxon Bruno hurls at the same prince in days when he was the oppressor instead of the oppressed. And the series is led off by the personal portrait of the mightiest of the whole line—the living picture of the Great Charles as drawn by the bold and faithful hand of Eginhard.

The volume now before us stands altogether by itself. We do not deny its right to a place in the series, but it is certainly very different from any of its brethren. Liudprand was hardly to be called a German, and his works do not deal very largely with strictly German history. He was no doubt of German descent, and he certainly understood the German language, but he was only a German so far as Lombardy was German in the tenth century. He writes mainly of Italian matters, and deals with German Kings and Emperors only so far as their acts concerned Italy. And his attractions are of a very different nature from those of the grave historians of Saxony and Swabia. We respect and admire Widukind, Lambert, and Otto, but we have small occasion to laugh, either at or with them. But Liudprand is amusing even to grotesqueness. He has some points of likeness to Giraldu Cambrensis; he is, like him, garrulous, vain, and fond of invective; but Liudprand had his full share of that practical wisdom which Giraldu so eminently lacked. Henry II. never sent Giraldu to win over his suzerain at Paris, but Otto the Great sent Liudprand to maintain his rights at the court of the rival Cæsar of Byzantium. Liudprand, like Giraldu, has a way of breaking out into verse whenever the greatness of the occasion demands it. Like Giraldu, too, he brings in a good many anecdotes of a kind which we do not look for in the writings of modern Bishops and Archdeacons. But to Giraldu they are always "horrid examples;" he tells of men's sins in the character of a stern prophet trying to make them better. Liudprand tells his stories, decent and indecent, with a full appreciation of whatever fun there is in them. This is one reason why he is so often quoted in the notes of Gibbon. It is in quoting Liudprand that Gibbon makes his grotesque apology, that what a Bishop could write, a layman might surely transcribe.

Liudprand must, one cannot help thinking, have been a queer sort of Bishop, even in the tenth century; though, to be sure, one must allow a good deal in an age when John XII. could become Pope. But he was a clever and observant man, and a faithful and useful minister to the great Emperor to whom he attached himself. He is specially valuable as our chief authority for a period of history, confused indeed and difficult to remember, but which, as connecting two very important epochs, cannot be safely passed by. This is the history of the Kingdom of Italy between the division of the Carolingian Empire and the reunion of the crowns of Germany and Italy under his patron Otto. He may therefore serve, among other purposes, to enlighten the mind on a point which so many people have a difficulty in taking in—namely, that there were Kings of Italy before Victor Emmanuel. Another happy accident about Liudprand is that he understood Greek. It is possible that, while Greek was still spoken in Southern Italy, a knowledge of the language may have been less rare than we commonly fancy even in other parts of the peninsula. Liudprand's knowledge of Greek may therefore have been the cause rather than the result of his diplomatic missions to Constantinople. But, north of the Alps, such knowledge was a rare accomplishment indeed, and Liudprand was well pleased to show off his familiarity both with the Greek tongue and with Byzantine affairs in general. He thinks it fine to drag Greek words into his Latin, just as people now-a-days think it fine to drag French words into English; only he does it in a much more solemn way, and one likely to show off his knowledge to the greatest advantage. He writes down his Greek word or sentence in Greek letters, he then copies it into Latin letters, and lastly adds the Latin translation. The first sentence of his writings, the heading of his chief work, will serve as a specimen as well as any other:—

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti, incipit liber antipodiosus antipodiosus, id est retributionis, regum atque principum partis Europæ, a Liudprando Ticinensis ecclesiæ diacono in τῇ ἐχμάλωσι αὐτοῦ ἐν τῇ ἐχμάλωσι αὐτῇ, id est in peregrinatione eius, ad Recemundum, Hispaniæ provinciæ Liberritanæ ecclesiæ episcopum, editus.

It is clear from this that Liudprand's Greek was colloquial Greek. He had picked it up, and spoke and understood it, without having paid much attention to it as a matter of literature. A Byzantine scholar would have been shocked at the Lombard's bad spelling and false accents. But Liudprand's bad spelling is the very thing which makes his Greek valuable. He spelled by the ear, and therefore often spelled wrong, but he always spells in a way which, according to the existing pronunciation, produces the same sound as the right spelling. That is to say, he distinctly proves that Greek was pronounced by Greeks in the tenth century exactly as it is pronounced by Greeks now. *Εχμάλωσι* is very bad spelling for *αἰχμαλωσίᾳ*, but, if there be any difference between the Greek utterance of the two combinations of letters, it is one too subtle for Western organs to catch in any age. *τῇ* for *τῷ* looks very queer and ugly, but the sound is exactly the same. When, some way on, we come to "*μη δολοῦσθαι, μη δολιᾶσθαι*,"

\* Liudprandi Episcopi Cremonensis Opera Omnia. Ex Monumentis Germanie Historici recedit Georgius Heinricus Pertz. Hannoveræ: Impensis Bibliopolii Hahniani. 1839.

"nolite formidare," an English scholar might stop a little while to think what word is meant; but, by virtue of the *Etacismus*, there is no perceptible difference between the pronunciation of *ἡ ἀνατολή* and *ἡ ἐκδοχή*, so that one spelling suits Liudprand's purpose as well as the other. He spells Greek, in short, as if a man should, in English, use the forms *wright*, *write*, *right*, and *rite* indiscriminately, as one who learned English mainly by the ear might very likely do. His evidence is therefore most important in tracing the history of Greek pronunciation. We find the present system fully established in the tenth century, and from thence there are plenty of indications to help us to carry it back further still.

The works of Liudprand consist of his *Antapodosis*, his *History of Otto*, and his *Embassy to Constantinople*. The book which bears the strange title of *Antapodosis* is really a history of contemporary Northern Italy in six books, and it is only at the beginning of the third book that Liudprand thinks it necessary to tell his Spanish friend why he gave his book so odd a name. The explanation has no particular propriety at the point where it is introduced, and it reads as if the first two books had been sent first to Bishop Beccmund, and as if he had written back to ask the meaning of the name:—

Operis huius titulum, pater sanctissime, satis te mirari non ambigo. Ais forte: Cum virorum illustrium actus exhibeat, cur *Antapodosis*, antapodosis, ei inseritur titulus? Ad quod respondeo: Intentio huius operis ad hoc respicit, ut Berengarii huius, qui nunc in Italia non regnat sed tyrannizat, atque uxoris eius Willie, quæ ob immensitatem tyrannidis secunda Isabella, et ob rapinarum inasatietatem Lúnia proprio appellatur vocabulo, actus designet, ostendat, et elamitet.

And so he goes on, abusing Berenger and Willa as heartily as Giraldus himself could have done. All former kings, save this wicked one, had deserved thanks at the hands of Liudprand or his forefathers. We have already seen that all this was not written in Berenger and Willa's dominions. It was written in the author's *ἡμετερολογία*, "captivitas seu peregrinatio," and written, too, in very different parts of the world:—

Coeptus quippe in Frankenvard, qui est 20 miliaris locus Magontia distans, in Paxa insula, nongentis et eo amplius Constantinopolim miliaris distans, usque hodie exaratur. Sed redeamus ad rem.

Of course, Liudprand's violent hatred to Berenger and all that belonged to him is to be taken into account in estimating his value as a contemporary writer. It at once removes him from the class of Lambert and Otto of Freising. But to a place in that class he hardly pretends on any grounds, and it certainly helps to make his story much more lively and amusing.

The *Historia Ottonis* merely contains an account of the King's second descent into Italy, his coronation as Emperor, the deposition and death of John XII. It helps, however, to supply a gap in the Saxon historian Widukind, who cuts Italian matters very short indeed.

The *Relatio de Legatione Constantinopolitana* is one of our Bishop's most amusing pieces. He was sent by the Western Emperor to try to bring about a marriage and alliance between the two Imperial families, in which he utterly failed, though the scheme was afterwards carried out, so far as regarded the marriage of Theophano with young Otto. Perhaps Liudprand's knowledge of Greek in one respect damaged his cause. The old controversy about *Βασιλεύς* and *βασις* met him at the threshold. A less learned ambassador might not have greatly cared by which title his master was described, but Liudprand's loyalty could not endure that his Caesar should be called anything but *βασιλεύς*. His description of the Emperor Nicephorus is a fine specimen of reviling:—

Septimo autem Idus, ipso videlicet sancto die pentecostes, in domo, quæ dicitur *Ἰερόδωρος*, id est Coronaria, ante Nicephorum sum deductus, hominem sat monstruosum, pygmaicum, capite pinguem, atque oculorum parvitate talpinum, barba curta, lata, spissa et semicana fodatum, ceruice digitali turpatum, prolixitate et densitate comarum satia hyopam, coloris digitali turpatum, coxis ad mensuram ipsam brevem longissimum, curibus parvum, calcaneis pedibusque æqualem, villino sed nimis veteroso vel diuturnitate ipsa foetido et pallido ornameto indutum, Siciliens calcamentis calcatum, lingua pro-cacem, ingenio vulpem, periculo seu mendacio Ulyxem. Semper mihi, domini mei imperatores augusti, formosi, quanto hinc formosiores visi estis? Semper ornat, quanto hinc ornatiores? Semper potentes, quanto hinc potentiores? Semper mites, quanto hinc mitiores? Semper virtutibus pleni, quanto hinc pleniores? Sedebant ad sinistram, non in eadem linea, sed longe dorsum duo parvuli imperatores, eius quondam domini nunc subiecti.

One hardly recognises the great conqueror of the Saracens amidst this torrent of abuse, and Liudprand himself hardly foresaw that the future Slayer of the Bulgarians lay hidden under the form of one of the "duo parvuli Imperatores."

We have brought forward Liudprand, not as at all the most valuable, but as incomparably the most amusing of the series. The series itself can hardly be over-estimated. The early history of the Empire is generally so utterly misunderstood, while it is of such paramount importance to the general history of Europe, and it is described by authors so far surpassing the average run of mediæval chroniclers, that we cannot be too thankful for a publication which puts them within the reach of every student. Of all books in the world, they are the best suited for "special subjects" in the Oxford historical school. Untranslated as they are, they are exactly suited for men who wish really to learn, and not merely to get a class. May Mr. Bohn and his crew of translators never lay their hands upon them.

## CASHMERE AND THIBET.\*

THIS is a diary of travel, relating the adventures of two pedestrian officers during a tour in Cashmere and Thibet, from May to October, in 1860. Captain Knight, the writer, modestly apologises for adding another volume to the "countless numbers already existing and daily appearing in the world," and hopes that faithfulness of detail may atone for literary defects. We only wish that half the works produced by professed men of letters had as good a reason for appearing as this *Diary* has. The book is an excellent and welcome addition to our records of daring travel. It is true that the author appears not to have had much more literary preparation for his tour than was afforded by an acquaintance with such passages in *Lalla Rookh* as—

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

But he has at least the merit of being able to point to the best authorities, and has given in an Appendix most valuable extracts from Captain Cunningham's *Essay on the Aryan Order of Architecture*, and M. Klaproth's contribution to *Le Nouveau Journal Asiatique*, as well as from Hue and Jacquemont. His own narrative is conveyed in racy English, disfigured only by that tendency to funny writing with which most novices in bookmaking have of late years, under the potent spell of Mr. Dickens, run mad. One thing we desiderate, without which no book of travels should be compiled, and that is a map of the route. Delicacy and finish are of comparatively small consequence in such a map; but it is a great thing for stay-at-home readers to be able to run the finger from place to place over the devious journey. We could willingly give up all Captain Knight's sketches, excepting a few really magnificent views like those of Ladak and the Monastery of Lamieroo, for the advantage of a little plain geography.

The two officers started from Allahabad in May, 1860, with no other attendant at first than "Mr. Rajoo," Captain Knight's Hindoo bearer; though—as by-and-by cellar, kitchen, and tents had to be carried along with the travellers—their number, including all descriptions of coolies, reached the maximum of forty. The start through the plains was unpromising enough. The *beil-garce*, or bullock-cart, is thus described, something in the style of the "Competition-Wallah":—

The cart is "put-to," not the horse; and the latter being left standing anywhere on the road, the lumbering "garce" is dragged up to his tail, and fastened up with a combination of straps and ropes, marvellous to behold.

Dust-storms by day and jackal-music by night were endured with what patience was possible, the route being varied by adventures such as this palanquin journey from Kussowlie to Simla:—

About half way we stopped for about an hour for the bearers to partake of a light entertainment of "ghee and chupatties"—otherwise, rancid butter and cakes of flour and water. This was their only rest and only meal, from the time that they left Kussowlie at six p.m. until they reached Simla at eight a.m. The same set of bearers took us the entire distance, about thirty-five miles; and the four men who were not actually in the shafts used to rest themselves by running ahead and up precipitous short cuts, so as to insure a few minutes' pull at the pipe of consolation before their turn arrived again. To us, supposed to be the *otium cum dignitate* part of the procession, the road seemed perfectly endless. No sooner were we up one ascent than we were down again on the other side; and when we thought Simla must be in sight round the next turn, it seemed suddenly to become more hid than ever. In one of these ups and downs of life, my machine, during a heavy lurch, fairly gave way to its feelings, and with a loud crash the pole broke, and down we both came, much to my temporary satisfaction and relief. A supply of ropes and lashings, however, formed part of the inquisitors' stores, and we were soon under weigh again to fulfil the remainder of our destiny.

The general effect of the bullock-wagon is compared by Captain Knight to "being run away with in a dust-cart through Fenchurch Street, the gas-pipes being up at the time."

After crossing the frontier into the Cashmerian territory, one of the earliest curiosities discovered was a group of eight of the Maharajah's soldiers. These men carried guns "about as long as a respectable spear," which had been matchlocks, but had been converted "in these stirring times" into flint-locks. Captain Knight adds:—

In loading, we found an improvement on the English fashion, for, after putting the imaginary charge in with the hand, they blew playfully down the muzzle to obviate the difficulty of the powder sticking to the sides. After presenting the troops with "bukhsish," we strolled through the village and met the "thanadar," or head man, coming out to meet us, arrayed in glorious apparel and very tight inexpressibles, and mounted on a caparisoned steed. Dismounting, he advanced towards us salaaming, and holding out a piece of money in the palm of his hand; and not exactly knowing the etiquette of the proceeding, we touched it and left it where we found it, which appeared to be a relief to his mind, for he immediately put it into his pocket again.

When at length the travellers got among the hills, their mode of living was far from being undesirable as regards expense:—

Our camp, although so high up, was not more than six miles from Peshana, and from thence we drew all our supplies, such as milk, eggs, and fowls, &c., the coolies and shikarees' subsistence being deducted from their pay. Our own living was not expensive; fowls, threepence each for large, three-half-pence small; milk, three-half-pence per quart, and eggs, twelve for the like amount, or one anna. For the rest, we lived upon chupatties, or unleavened cakes of flour—very good hot, but "gutta-percha" cold—potatoes from Lahore, and, in the liquid line, tea and brandy. At night we slept upon the ground—pretty hard it was while one was awake to feel it—and not having any lamp, we turned in shortly after dark, while in the morning we were up and dressed before the nightingales had cleared their voices.

\* *Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet.* By Captain Knight, 43rd Regiment. London: Bentley. 1861.



These latter abounded all about us, and formed a most agreeable addition to our establishment.

At a little mud-built settlement called Poshana they supplied themselves with eight pairs of grass-shoes or sandals for ninepence, and even that price was thirty per cent. too high. Two sheep were on one occasion bought for three and threepence, and seventy-nine pounds of mountain-honey for ten rupees. Rent and other current payments were on a corresponding scale. The troops of the Maharajah of Cashmere—a showy, good-natured man, delighted to attract English money over the frontier into his kingdom—receive five shillings each per month, with daily rations of two pounds of rice. Land lets at from three to six shillings an acre; and a poor but cheery Cashmerian yeoman asserted the impossibility of his paying even that, declaring that his four acres barely supplied food for his family and himself, while the annual produce of wool from his twelve sheep realized only two rupees. Evidences were everywhere visible of the tyrannous rule of the late Rajah, the notorious Gūlab Singh, to whom Cashmere was handed over by the English Government in 1846, on payment of seventy-five lakhs of rupees (750,000l.).

The pedestrians made some stay at Sirinugger (City of the Sun), the Maharajah's capital, where they were hospitably entertained and infinitely amused. They witnessed a grand review, part of which ceremony consisted of the troops marching past in slow time, with a step of at least thirty-six inches in length, and to the tune of "Home, sweet Home." They dined excellently at the palace, after the English mode, with the trifling exception that the Maharajah himself disappeared; and they attended a *nache* or dance, when a Cashmerian lady sang the "Marseillaise," with the French words, being prompted occasionally by the head of the orchestra.

But the principal attraction of Captain Knight's long wanderings lay, of course, in the exploration of the Himalayas; and his *Diary* is almost enough to set on foot a sister institution to the Alpine Club, devoted to excursions among the vast Asiatic ranges. At the town of Ladak, which is itself 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, he met an officer of the English Government Survey, called by the natives a "Compass Wallah," who had been long among the mountains, and "gave an amusing account of his operations among the clouds, how he always rode a cow! . . . was sea-sick at first, and unable to sleep at night from the rarification of the atmosphere." This official person, who ought to count as an authority, gave his entertainers (for he had been only too glad to join Captain Knight's dinner-table) the heights of the two "monarchs" of the Himalayas. These are Mount Everest, the "King of the South," reaching an altitude of 29,003 feet; and Nunga Purbat, the "King of the North," between two and three thousand feet lower. A dangerous glacier at a height of 18,000 feet was crossed at some distance from Ladak; and the explorers were only prevented, by the accident of losing their cook for some days, from visiting the great glaciers of the Dutchen Peak, which rises to 25,000 feet. Bears, ibexes, marmots, and markores seem to be the principal inhabitants of these mountains; but though they occasionally spent a day in difficult attempts at stalking game, the travellers do not appear to have devoted themselves to sporting with much enthusiasm.

Captain Knight had, however, a keen eye for the customs of the curious Thibetian highlanders. In the monastery of Hemis he found specimens of the praying-wheels—little wooden drums, covered with leather, fitting into niches in the wall, and moved at the slightest push by a spindle running through the centre. There were about a hundred of these machines at Hemis, and as the scrolls inside them are covered with the mystic sentence "Um mani pamee," and contain nothing else, it was calculated that the charm must occur not less than 1,700,000 times. These sacred words are not only found in the praying-wheels, but long mounds of votive stones similarly inscribed are scattered far and wide over the face of the country. M. Klaproth writes the formula thus, "Om mani padmé houn"—the last syllable being probably amalgamated with the first during rapid and constant repetition, and thus perhaps having escaped Captain Knight's notice, who distinctly claims, however, to give the actually existing pronunciation. The meaning given by M. Klaproth is, "Oh, the jewel in the lotus, Amen!" and he translates from Mongolian into French a most curious explanatory legend, too long to narrate, but of which the kernel is this:—That the savage Empire of Snow (Thibet) had for ages been lying beyond the pale of law and religion—*rempli d'une foule d'êtres malfaisants*—when, by an intellectual creative act of the great Sakya-Mouni (Buddha), a certain divinity named Padmā-pati was called into being from the flower of the lotus, who successfully undertook the work of conversion. The notion is, therefore, that the mystic words, "Oh, the jewel in the lotus!" are commemorative of this great act of Sakya-Mouni, and of the incarnation of the divine Thibetian apostle. Their constant repetition is also, as M. Huic has explained, extremely meritorious, and capable of securing immediate absorption after death into the universal soul of Buddha. Besides their Lamas, the Thibetian Buddhists have large numbers of nuns among them—who are not, however, subjected to restraint, but work actively in the fields, and one of them took service for a short distance as a coolie with Captain Knight's party.

One of the most curious farming customs in the heights is that of stuffing quantities of hay among the higher branches of trees—the snow in winter lying five or six yards deep, and the sheep, which abound in these districts, being then able to get at the hay.

There is a Munchausen tinge about this item in the narrative, but it is clearly related in all good faith. A game of hockey on horse-back, played by fifty or sixty Thibetians, must have been a very exciting spectacle:—

The ponies, most unfairly, came in also for all the *showing*; but in spite of these disadvantages, they performed their parts to admiration, dashing about in the most reckless manner, at the instigation of their riders, and jostling and knocking against one another in a way that would have disgusted any other pony in the world.

Each time that the ball was sent into the goal, the striker, picking it up dexterously, without dismounting, came again at full speed down the course, the band struck up, and throwing the ball into the air, he endeavoured to strike it as far as possible in the direction of the adverse party. Behind him, at best pace, came his own side, and a desperate collision appeared the inevitable result; however, not a single man was unhorsed during the entire struggle, nor were there any violent concussions, or accidents of any kind on either side.

We have explained above that Captain Knight has done his best, by throwing the results of later research into an appendix, to make up for the want of extensive special knowledge at starting. The long extract which he gives from Captain Cunningham's *Essay on Aryan Architecture* is most interesting. The Cashmerian sacred buildings have a grace and beauty quite peculiar to themselves. They are not, like the Hindoo temples, "a sort of architectural pasty, a huge collection of ornamental fritters, huddled together with or without keeping." Nor are they, like the temples of the Jain religion—the intermediate eclectic system between Brahminism and Buddhism—"a vast forest of pillars, made to look as unlike one another as possible by some paltry differences in petty details." They are, on the contrary, distinguished by great elegance of outline, massive boldness in the parts, and good taste in decoration. Lofty pyramidal roofs, trefoiled doorways covered by pyramidal pediments, and great width of intercolumniation, are among the principal features of the Cashmerian temple. The material generally found to have been used is a blue limestone, capable of taking the highest polish, to which circumstance Captain Cunningham refers the beautiful state of preservation in which some of the buildings exist. The great wonder of Cashmere is the temple of Märtand, or Matan, about three miles from Islamabad. The exact date cannot be determined, but it lies somewhere between the years 370 and 500 A.D. Captain Cunningham (quoted in the Appendix) enthusiastically describes its majestic position; and with his description we must quit this excellent *Diary*, to which we give a hearty welcome and recommendation:—

I can almost fancy that the erection of this sun-temple was suggested by the magnificent sunny prospect which its position commands. It overlooks the finest view in Kashmir, and perhaps in the known world. Beneath it lies the paradise of the East, with its sacred streams and cedarn glens, its brown orchards and green fields, surrounded on all sides by vast snowy mountains, whose lofty peaks seem to smile upon the beautiful valley below. The vast extent of the scene makes it sublime; for this magnificent view of Kashmir is no petty peep into a half-mile glen, but the full display of a valley sixty miles in breadth and upwards of a hundred miles in length, the whole of which lies beneath "the ken of the wonderful Märtand."

#### QUEEN MAB.\*

MISS KAVANAGH'S novels stand midway between the lowest kind of trash and the works of the clever writers who just miss the first rank. She is superior to the authoresses who write the common three-volume novel of incomprehensible and hopeless inanity, and she is inferior in power to Miss Muloch or Miss Braddon. *Queen Mab* can scarcely pretend to be artistic either in conception or execution, but it is tolerably interesting in spite of this. The characters are like ghosts from ten thousand novels that we have read before; the language and style are weak, and conventional after a fashion which is on the wane; the incidents are utterly improbable and unreal; but still there is a story, and a coherent plot, and this is something in a novel of the class to which on other grounds *Queen Mab* must be assigned. It is the sort of novel which no man would ever read through for pleasure, although girls may do so and like it. The workmanship is so slovenly that to a man the result is eminently unpleasant; but by a girl who reads to pass away the time between lunch and dinner, or to get a sensation, or to gratify an excessively sentimental nature, this slovenliness may very well be overlooked or forgiven. Just as a sluttish housemaid will hastily bundle up into some hidden corner any household rubbish which she is too lazy or too careless to stow away in a proper place, so Miss Kavanagh no sooner gets into a difficulty than the cause of the obstruction is packed off to Australia or South America, or dies in the south of France, or is burnt alive, or perhaps is driven mad. Everybody knows that this is just the reverse of what takes place in real life, where the people who are most in the way are always the very last to die, emigrate, or go into a lunatic asylum. But Miss Kavanagh no doubt would scorn the imputation of merely reproducing the world as it is. To her a novel is a romance, and to write a romance upon common human conditions is palpably absurd. In one set of novelists hold the highest art to be the representation of life as it is, another school are equally convinced, and can give what they think equally cogent reasons for their conviction, that the purpose of fiction is to represent life precisely as it is not. Miss Kavanagh adopts the latter of these two views, and simply tells us a story,

\* *Queen Mab*. By Julia Kavanagh. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

with a mystery or two, a fatal mistake, and a most virtuous moral. The moral is, we fear, as unreal as the plot, though no doubt less designedly so. Of the two bad men, one is burnt alive and the other dies in a garret. Of the two unprincipled but weak and remorseful men, one loses his wife and dies in the prime of life, while the other lives a life of keen mental torment, and is left at the end of the third volume in a condition of idiocy. A wicked young woman who had forged a letter to win a husband is found out, and dies in poverty and solitude in a distant land; while a virtuous rival who refuses the same husband from a sense of duty ultimately secures him. This nice adjustment and graduation of penalties according to the measure of the offence may be attractive to girls who like to think of a well-regulated universe, but men and most grown-up women will scarcely recognise the ordinary course of things in so excellent a scale of retribution.

Though spun through three volumes, the story of *Queen Mab* is not particularly complicated. There is a great deal of *bavardage*—mere talk—and when we have grown wearied over this we are able better to appreciate the merits of a writer like Miss Braddon, who works out her plot with the brisk and business-like method of a detective officer. *Queen Mab* was a fanciful title given to a sunny little girl whom an impoverished gentleman found one day upon his doorstep, and whom he adopted in consideration of five hundred pounds which were pinned on to her dress. It soon appears that she is the rightful heir to some property, and that two knavish friends of Mr. Ford—the impoverished gentleman—have entrusted her to him in the confidence that his poverty and eagerness for money would make him hold his tongue about her, and prevent him from making any inquiries as to who she might be or what were her rights. But Ford has a wife with a bad nervous complaint and a scrupulous conscience. As she never leaves her room, the secret of the welcome little stranger is not discovered by her for some time. However, ultimately she finds it out, and not unnaturally supposes that Mr. Ford has trumped up the story of the doorstep to cover the result of conjugal infidelity. When she discovers the truth about the five hundred pounds, and the general conditions of the transaction, she gets so violently excited that the combined action of nerves and conscience finally carries her off. There can be no harm in rejoicing over the death of anybody in a novel, so we may frankly say that the removal of this excellent but most gloomy woman is a decided relief. Her husband took a different view, and became a converted man, all his energy for the rest of his life being devoted to the discovery of Mab's parentage and name. Mab meanwhile grows up to be a beautiful and charming girl, and gets engaged to Robert Ford, the eldest son of her adopted father. Robert is a selfish, presumptuous, and generally offensive youth; but in due time he blocks up the story, and so Miss Kavanagh despatches him to Australia, Mab being left behind. Mr. Ford having casually gone to America in search of information, Mab and a rather weak-minded aunt go to Ireland to visit some cousins, and there Mab falls in love at first sight with a Mr. O'Lally. Mr. O'Lally is one of those characters which only women and exceedingly young men ever bring into stories, and which, happily for the comfort of mankind, are not common in real life. He had "a massive forehead, deep-set eyes, handsome and clearly-cut features; his tone was mild; his blue eyes were pleasant but penetrating; his manner combined 'the severity of a priest and the daring of a soldier'—a sort of mixture, in short, of Napoleon Buonaparte and an usher at a first-class boarding-school. He was always self-possessed, grave, and despotic. Nobody could resist the force of his will, except, indeed, a contumacious neighbour of the name of Briggs. We can remember at least a score of novels in which the hero is the exact counterpart of Mr. O'Lally. Not that we accuse the authoresses of plagiarism; the resemblance only shows the kind of hero that unmarried ladies love to picture as the ideal lover and husband. No wonder that Mab tumbled into love with this lordly being. Forgetting Robert Ford and her solemn betrothal, she surrendered herself to the irresistible will of O'Lally, and he in turn deigned to reciprocate her passion. But here the weak-minded aunt became useful, and on her death-bed made Mab promise to tell Mr. O'Lally of her previous engagement. Mab keeps her promise, and her disgusted suitor marries somebody else. It then comes out that Robert Ford has broken his troth, and that Mab's sacrifice has been in vain. Mr. O'Lally also discovers that his wife has been guilty of a wicked forgery, so she leaves him, and eventually dies in the south of France. Finally, after a good deal of tedious beating about the bush, Mab finds out who she is, is reinstated in her property, and is supposed to marry Mr. O'Lally. This is the sum of the story; but besides this, the three volumes are overloaded with superfluous minor characters, and all sorts of plotting and counterplotting, some of it extremely unintelligible.

Miss Kavanagh lacks precision, directness, and, above all, diligence. All her details are careless and ragged to a degree; and this is one of the gravest defects of which a novelist can be accused, considering that it is the neglect of minor matters which most frequently reveals the poverty of a writer's imagination and the baldness of his creations. We should be curious to know whether the author of *Queen Mab* ever read her manuscript over between composing and sending it to the printer; whether she ever struck out a chapter or a scene, modified a character, or changed an incident; whether she re-wrote a page of the story from first to last. To judge from the internal evidence, we should conjecture with some confidence that she had done none of these things. She would do well to remember that no good novel ever has been or ever can be written without more or less of drudgery,

or without a great deal of laborious patience both in conceiving the story and in its actual composition. What Milton said of students is, with necessary modifications, also true of writers of novels—"that they should at convenient times retire back into the middle-ward of what they have written, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body, like the last embattling of a Roman legion." Miss Kavanagh would be revolted if she were asked to look at a painting or a statue executed in the style which she thinks good enough for the composition of a novel. A besmirched sign-board for a country ale-house, or the carving on a horse-trough in an old market-place, is not lower in one kind of art than such novels as *Queen Mab* are in another. We do not always want high art, because we know that success in that region is rare, for the simple reason that it is high; but it is surely not too much to ask for a moderate amount of painstaking and a little care. Mr. Trollope, for example, aims at no lofty height of creative art, but he never publishes a novel which does not bear the marks of industry and minute attention. And any novelist, however poor and weak he may be in imagination or originality or observation, may at least be laborious. Miss Kavanagh may possibly not like frank criticism, nor care to follow advice. She may have been spoiled by the reviewer who, as we see in the advertisements, said of one of her novels, "*Nathalie* is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort; its manner is gracious and attractive; its matter good;" and then of another—"Adele is the best work we have had by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story; the interest kindled in the first chapter burns brightly to the close." Perhaps, according to the same authority, *Queen Mab* will also be Miss Kavanagh's best work, or best imaginative effort. It may be so, but she may write a great many best works as carelessly as this without writing a single good one.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Académie Royale of Belgium appears to be as active in the cause of mediæval literature as the French Government. Amongst its publications we find the works of the poet Adenès li Rois, and the historical compilations of George Chastellain; and we have just received four volumes including the *Chronicles of Jehan le Bel*, and, what is still more important, a newly discovered recension of the first book of Froissart. It is well known that this celebrated writer, when engaged upon his fascinating work, pledged himself to revise, correct, and otherwise improve it as opportunity offered, if the results of further inquiries led him to question the authority of any of the facts he mentioned. In consequence of this declaration, scholars had long come to the conclusion that some library must boast of an emendated copy of part at least of Froissart's *Chronicles*; but where did the treasure lie secreted? In what direction should inquiries be made? Dacier commissioned La Porte du Theil to examine, with this view, certain MSS. preserved at Rome, and he vaguely named the Codex No. 869 of the Queen of Sweden's collection as likely to prove of some interest. Why these inquiries were not thoroughly carried out at first does not appear; at all events, it was reserved for Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove to bring to light the long lost MS., and a careful examination of it makes us regret that it contains only an improved reading of the first book of Froissart's *Chronicles*, down to the death of Philip the Fair. The work now before us is certainly assignable to the last years of the historian. His estimate of men and events has a character of seriousness and of philosophy which reminds us of Philippe de Commines; and his imagination, although still very brilliant, does not make him forget the more weighty duties of an historian. M. Kervyn de Lettenhove has bestowed great care upon the preparation of these two volumes. The preface supplies all the details we want to know respecting the merits of the Vatican MS.; the notes illustrate every point of geographical or biographical interest; and the alphabetical index serves as a useful clue through the numerous episodes which the magic pen of Froissart unfolds like a gallery of pictures.

Jehan le Bel, whose *Vrayes Chroniques* are now offered to the public by the zeal of M. Polain, was known, as late as the year 1847, only through the mention we find of him in the work of Froissart and of another contemporary historian, Jehan d'Outremeuse. Both these writers made such extraordinary use of the *Vrayes Chroniques* that they copied from them entire pages almost without the slightest alteration, and it became difficult to ascertain the respective share of each in the compilation of their several memoirs. The present edition will help to solve this problem, whilst it shows the claims of Jehan le Bel to be considered one of the best authorities on the history of the fourteenth century. The volumes now published form only the first instalment of the *Vrayes Chroniques*. They are preceded by an excellent introduction containing particulars of the life, character, and merits of Jehan le Bel.

The biographical indiscretions of M. Jules Lecomte are not of a nature to create much scandal or to give rise to a lawsuit, but they have struck us as being generally entertaining, and here and there we have found a few facts which, if scarcely fit to appear in

\* *Le Premier Livre des Chroniques de Jehan Froissart, publié d'après un MS. de la Bibliothèque du Vatican.* Par M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove. Brussels: Heussner. London: Jeffs.

† *Les Vrayes Chroniques de Messire Jehan le Bel.* Publiées par M. L. Polain. Brussels: Heussner. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Le Perron de Tortoni, Indiscrétions Biographiques.* Par Jules Lecomte. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

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a professed memoir, are curious as anecdotes. The article relating to M. Sainte-Beuve must not be taken as a fair specimen of M. Jules Lecomte's talents; it is only an abstract of the famous preface to the work on Chateaubriand, published some short time ago by the caustic author of the *Causeries du Lundi*. We like far better the chapters on Scribe, Ingres, and especially Alphonse Karr. The explanation of the title *Vendredi Soir* given by the last-named writer to one of his novels illustrates in a rather curious manner the "Bohemian" life of French romance-writers thirty years ago, and it helps to clear up a bibliographical problem which we had hitherto never been able to solve satisfactorily.

Why should M. Alfred Maury be so savage against literature? The Académie Française has, it is true, lately succeeded in attracting considerable notice, but it is because the very nature of the ideas with which historians, poets, and metaphysicians have to do arouses the susceptibilities of despotism and the hopes of the Liberal party. The discussion of a medal, the solution of a problem of astronomy, or the merits of a picture have nothing in common, immediately at least, with freedom, with religion, and with conscience; and hence it is that, under the first Empire, the most obsequious servants of Napoleon were found among the mathematicians and naturalists of the *Académie des Sciences*. It will perhaps be objected that the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* was suppressed sixty years ago, whilst it is now allowed to meet without any impediment. But, in the first place, those who at present constitute this society have not distinguished themselves by any violent protestations on behalf of liberty; and, in the next, the recent creation of additional Academicians has allowed the Government to secure for some of its own candidates a position which enables them to keep the rest somewhat in check. Without, however, continuing the discussion suggested by M. Maury's controversial preface, we may recommend his interesting book to the notice of the reader. It has been the object of the author to give, in a short sketch, an account of the labours of the *Académie des Sciences* from its foundation to the end of the last century. His résumé possesses more than usual importance, as, by virtue of the constitution of the Academy, foreigners are freely admitted amongst its members; and, accordingly, the history of this section of the Institute is, properly speaking, that of science throughout the civilized world. We need scarcely say that M. Alfred Maury was particularly well qualified to give us the narrative which the present volume unfolds. His estimates of facts and of men are of course very briefly stated, but they are always accurate and leave nothing important unnoticed. The alphabetical index which concludes the volume contains useful biographical indications.

M. Véra, formerly Professor of Philosophy in Paris, and now holding a similar position in the University of Naples, has just published several works relating to his favourite study, which are all deserving of notice. The first of which we shall speak is the translation of Hegel's *Philosophy of Nature*.† M. Véra, as everybody knows, is one of Hegel's stanchest champions. He has devoted his time, his energy, and his extensive learning to the elucidation of the German thinker, and if French readers are at all able to understand transcendentalism, they ought to be grateful to M. Véra. We can speak highly of the accuracy and scholarship displayed in the ponderous octavo now before us. M. Véra's introduction contains an able discussion of the comparative claims of the empirical, the mathematical, and the subjective methods as guides towards the study of nature; but we think that, in his anxiety to set forth the praises of his favourite metaphysician, he unduly depreciates Alexander von Humboldt, whose *Cosmos* he considers to be valuable merely for the beauty of its descriptions. The translation of Hegel's text is accompanied by a variety of useful notes and comments which explain the author's views, and clear up difficulties constantly recurring in what must still be considered as a very obscure terminology. A second volume is announced as being in the press, and will complete the work.

The title *L'Hégélianisme et la Philosophie* ‡ has been given by M. Véra to a series of essays, containing answers to sundry critics who have impugned some of Hegel's doctrines. M. Saisset, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had accused the German philosopher of despising Newton, and of wishing to lead us back to the system of Ptolemy. *Inde ira*. M. Véra takes up the cudgels, first against M. Saisset, then against M. Janet, thirdly against M. Franca, and lastly against M. Cousin, who are *solidairement* (as the French would say) guilty of criticizing Hegelianism without knowing anything whatever about it. As is usually the case in such discussions, both parties have a share of truth, and also a proportion of error. At the same time, we think that M. Véra has decidedly the advantage of being more thoroughly acquainted with Hegel's doctrines than the otherwise eminent men who have entered the lists against him, and he has pointed out certain errors which a little closer attention would have made them avoid. The argument that "France is not reduced to go to school and learn from German philosophers" is so absurd that we wonder it should have ever been uttered even by the most patriotic of Frenchmen. M.

Cousin's former admiration of Hegel has also supplied M. Véra with a fit opportunity for some quiet banter.

The *Mélanges Philosophiques*\* form the third of M. Véra's works to which we shall now advert. They consist of a series of essays, written, some in French and some in Italian. Amongst the former, a few had originally appeared in an English dress, but the author has thought it advisable to bring them permanently before the public through the medium of what he calls *la langue la plus universelle*. The Italian *morceaux* are chiefly inaugural lectures delivered before universities and literary societies, and we would especially single out as most remarkable the first, which defines the position of metaphysics in the circle of human learning. The difficult question of the relations between the Church and the State is very ably treated in one of M. Véra's French essays. The chapter on "the Philosophy and the Religion of Hegel" is also, in every respect, a remarkable work, incomplete as it is; and we regret that M. Véra should not have added the necessary sequel to it which he published in the short-lived journal, *La Liberté de Penser*.

The third and fourth volumes of M. Guizot's speeches † have just appeared. Despite their bulk and the closeness of the print, they bring us down only to the month of July 1845, so that it will be necessary to issue an additional volume, which will complete the oratorical reminiscences of M. Guizot's public career. It is chiefly as illustrating the statesman's memoirs that this collection of speeches will be found interesting.

M. Jules Loiseleur, librarian of the city of Orleans, has, as we learn from the preface of *Les Résidences Royales* ‡, been engaged for a considerable time upon a history of the principal palaces and *châteaux* built on or near the banks of the Loire. From that work the present duodecimo is extracted, containing descriptions of Blois, Chambord, Chenonceaux, Chaumont, and Amboise. M. Loiseleur remarks very justly that the Loire is, *par excellence*, the national river of France. It is there that we must look for the true centre of the country, and not in Paris, which is too near the northern frontier. Louis XI. always entertained the idea of establishing the seat of his government at Tours; and, had it not been for the remonstrances of Vauban, Louis XIV. would have done so after the battle of Ramillies. It is worth remarking that on three decisive occasions in the history of France—namely, under Charles VII., Louis XIV., and Napoleon—the Loire was considered as the barrier behind which, as behind a natural stronghold, the nation should carry on the final struggle for life or death. The river Loire was the favourite river of the Valois dynasty; hence the extraordinary number of royal residences built over a space of sixty leagues, between Gien and Ponts-de-Cé—some being merely pleasure-residences, like Chambord and Chenonceaux, while others assumed the proportions of real fortresses, destined to command important strategical positions. M. Loiseleur's little volume is written in a very simple and interesting manner, and will be found an agreeable guide by visitors who wend their way towards the provinces of central France.

It may perhaps be questioned whether an acquaintance with *Le Monde des Coquins* § is absolutely necessary; but those who answer the question in the affirmative will do well to place themselves under the direction of M. Moreau-Christophe, who, as inspector of prisons, has had the opportunity of studying, *intus et in cute*, the different sections of the great family of rogues. He begins by stating the chief causes which lead men to crime; and he then opens a kind of debtor and creditor account, enumerating, on the one hand, the chances of success enjoyed by malefactors, and, on the other, the penalties which await criminals in case they are seized by the strong arm of the law. The next chapter is devoted to an exposition of the various physiognomic signs generally distinguishing rogues from respectable people. The conformation of the features, their harmony and their expression, may, we are told, be taken as tolerably safe guides, and M. Moreau-Christophe enters upon details of this nature with all the minuteness of a Lavater. The notes added to the volume treat respectively of the Paris *truands*, who till the reign of Louis XIV. formed a regular corporation of blackguards—of the Neapolitan *Camorristi*—and, finally, of M. Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Misérables*.

The post which M. Campardon occupies at the Imperial Archives in Paris has enabled him to produce a work of much interest ‖ with respect to the trial of Marie Antoinette; and although the volume consists merely of legal documents and other papers referring to the Revolutionary tribunal, it will prove extremely useful to historians. M. Campardon remarks in his preface, that every new fact brought to light in connexion with the unfortunate Queen only serves to increase the respect and admiration which her demeanour before her judges has always excited in generous minds.

M. Batjin's *Histoire Complète de la Noblesse* ¶ has been written with the intention of showing the necessity of an aristocratic element in every political society. In his preface, the author

\* *Mélanges Philosophiques*. Par A. Véra. Paris: Ladrance. London: Jeffs.

† *Discours de M. Guizot*. Vols. 3, 4. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

‡ *Les Résidences Royales de la Loire*. Par Jules Loiseleur. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

§ *Le Monde des Coquins*. Par M. Moreau-Christophe. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

‖ *Marie-Antoinette à la Conciergerie*. Par M. Emile Campardon. Paris: Gay. London: Jeffs.

¶ *Histoire Complète de la Noblesse de France*. Par W. Batjin. Brussels: Muquardt. London: Jeffs.

\* *L'Ancienne Académie des Sciences*. Par Alfred Maury, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Philosophie de la Nature de Hegel*. Traduit pour la 1ère fois, etc., etc. par M. Véra. Paris: Ladrance. London: Jeffs.

‡ *L'Hégélianisme et la Philosophie*. Par A. Véra. Paris: Ladrance. London: Jeffs.

blames those persons who allow themselves to be deceived by the empty declamations of *sans-culotte* sophistry; and he denounces in still stronger terms writers who speculate upon the credulity or jealousy of the multitude by stories made up for the purpose of calumniating the nobility. The present volume is a history of the French noblesse from 1789 to the present time; and the last chapter contains a general summary of the conclusions to which M. Batjain's investigations have led him. The utopian ideas of revolutionists about perfect equality, the advantage of large landed estates, and the political and social importance of the aristocracy, are among the topics which he discusses. Several documents, relating chiefly to the restoration of patents of nobility under Napoleon I., are appended to the volume, which is rendered still more valuable by the addition of a copious index.

The second volume of Alexandre Dumas' plays\* contains *Antony*, *Richard Darlington*, *Teresa*, *Charles VII.*, and *Le Mari de la Venise*—that is to say, some of the author's most celebrated dramas. It seems scarcely possible that so monstrous a conception as that of *Antony* can ever have been popular; and how *Richard Darlington* was even allowed to be performed is more than we can account for; but the perturbation which existed amongst our neighbours about thirty years ago on all topics of a moral or a religious nature was such that every excess appeared legitimate, and we now turn away with something more than contempt from productions which were formerly considered as masterpieces of style and of thought.

M. Galoppe D'Onquaire, on the other hand, will not be accused of seeking startling effects amidst the horrors of crime or the senseless ravings of madmen. His *Théâtre au Coin du Feu*†, composed of very commonplace operettas or vaudevilles, performed chiefly in the drawing-room of *il Maestro* Rossini, is now printed in order that persons who have a fancy for private theatricals may be able to indulge it without giving M. Galoppe D'Onquaire the trouble of copying over and over again the same jokes and the same songs. The *Théâtre au Coin du Feu* will not require from those who perform in it any great amount of histrionic ability; and we are sorry that such a *pochade* as the *Mort de Socrate*, for instance, should be preferred to the proverbs of Théodore Leclercq or Alfred De Musset.

Woe to those who attract the notice of M. Aurélien Scholl‡. He has taken upon himself to denounce all Parisian shams, and he discharges his duty in the most energetic manner. The *Scènes et Mensonges Parisiens* are revelations jotted down in the *cafés* or on the Boulevards, and with nearly as much wit as M. Alphonse Karr's *gripes*, they do terrible havoc amongst the usurped celebrities, the foibles, and the absurdities of our neighbours. The recently ennobled democrats will find themselves painted to the life under the features of Madame De Nouvelle-Roche. M. Alexandre Dumas is called to account for his literary misdemeanours, and the latest recipe adopted by Vaudevillistes in the concoction of their comedies is amusingly described. M. Aurélien Scholl must be prepared for a perfect storm of abuse; and not one of the members of the *Société des Gens de Lettres* will excuse a writer who so thoroughly discloses the tricks of the trade.

The anonymous *Esprit de ce Monde*§ is another critic fond of finding fault with the fashions of the time. He has taken spirit-rapping and table-turning as the subject of his reproof, and, in condemnation of modern legerdemain, he produces a book full of quotations from sacred and profane writers of almost every age since the creation of the world. Surely the impostures of mediums were scarcely worth an elaborate refutation, and the weapon of ridicule was the only one needed in the present case.

Amongst the reprints of bibliographical curiosities which are now so fashionable, we may mention that of Philippe Bosquier's *Tragedie Nouvelle, dictée le petit Razoïr des Ornaments Mondains*||. Published for the first time at Mons in 1589, and frequently re-edited since, this singular work had, however, become so scarce that M. De Soleinne himself, after a great deal of trouble and expense, could only procure an imperfect copy for his dramatic library. Bosquier's *Tragedie* is remarkable, not for its literary merits so much as for the plain-spoken manner in which the honest Jesuit denounces the scandalous attire of the ladies of his time.

The novels recently published call for no special notice in the way of either blame or commendation. *Jérôme le Trompette*¶, and its continuation, *Maïja le Guerillero*\*\*, are interesting and well-written tales illustrating the history of the Peninsular war in 1810. M. Vermorel's *Amours Vulgaires*†† belongs to the nauseous category of social-evil literature; and M. Méry's *Amours des Bords du Rhin*‡‡ is a collection of tales in which the prolific author has displayed his usual amount of wit and imagination. We shall conclude by mentioning a prose translation of *Milton's Paradise*

*Lost*, from the pen of M. Jean De Dieu—a translation strictly literal in its character, and tolerably correct.

• *Le Paradis Perdu de Milton*. Traduction de Jean De Dieu. Paris and London: Hachette.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA FRYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON. On Monday, November 9, and during the week, Wallace's Romantic Opera *THE DESERT FLOWER*. Miss Louisa Fryne, Miss Susan Fryne, Messrs. W. H. Weiss, H. Corri, A. Cook, and W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. Commence at Eight. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.** M. LOTTO will make his second Appearance on Monday Evening next, November 9. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, M. Lotto; Violoncello, signor. Piatto; Vocalists, Mr. Frank d'Alquen and Mlle. Parpa. Conductor, Mr. Benadict. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Gramer & Co.'s, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Frowe, & Co.'s, 4 Chesham; and at Austin & 25 Piccadilly.

**M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Every Evening during the Week. Vocalist, Mlle. Volpini. Solo Cornet, M. Legendre. New Selection from M. Gounod's Grand Opera, *FABRI*, with full Band, Three Military Bands, and full Chorus (arranged expressly for these Concerts by M. Julien). The celebrated "British Army Quadrille," performed by the Grand Orchestra and the Bands of the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, and the Scots Fusilier Guards. Conductor, M. Julien. Commence at Eight. Promenade and Gallery, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d. Places may be secured at Julien's, 214 Regent Street; at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the Box Office of the Theatre.

**MR. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT,** introducing his highly successful Opera di Camera, entitled *JESSY LEEA*, written by J. Oxenford, and composed by G. A. Macdormac, Esq. Vocalists, Miss Wynne, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Wilkinson, and Miss Poole. Scenery by Mr. John O'Connor. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight, Saturday Mornings at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street.

**WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.**—The Eleventh Annual Winter Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES, by living BRITISH ARTISTS, will open on November 8, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, 6d.

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS.** PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR 1863. Part II., containing the Papers read this year at the Scientific Meetings up to the end of June, 2s. Also the same with 11 Illustrations, mostly coloured, 15s.

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